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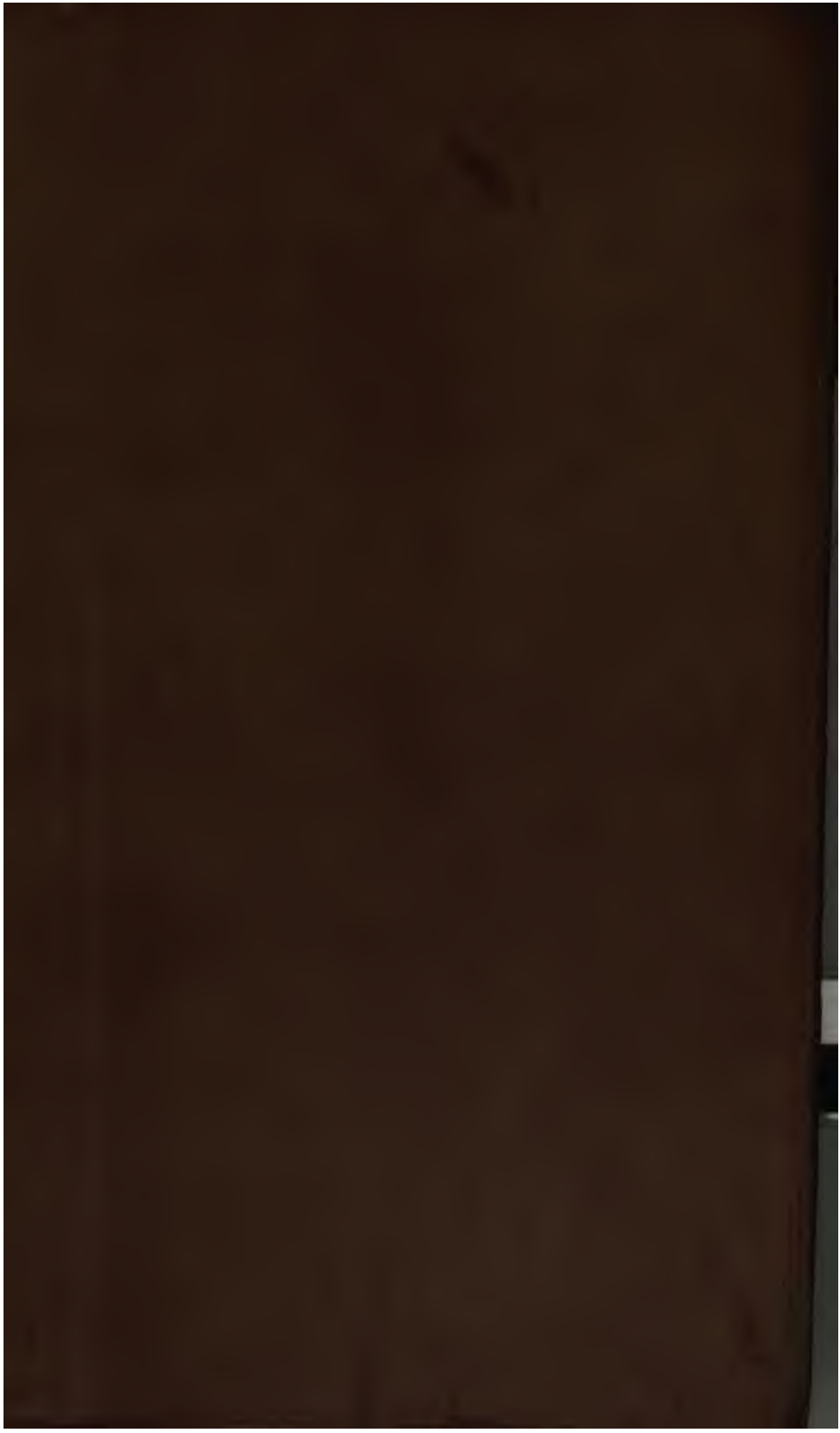

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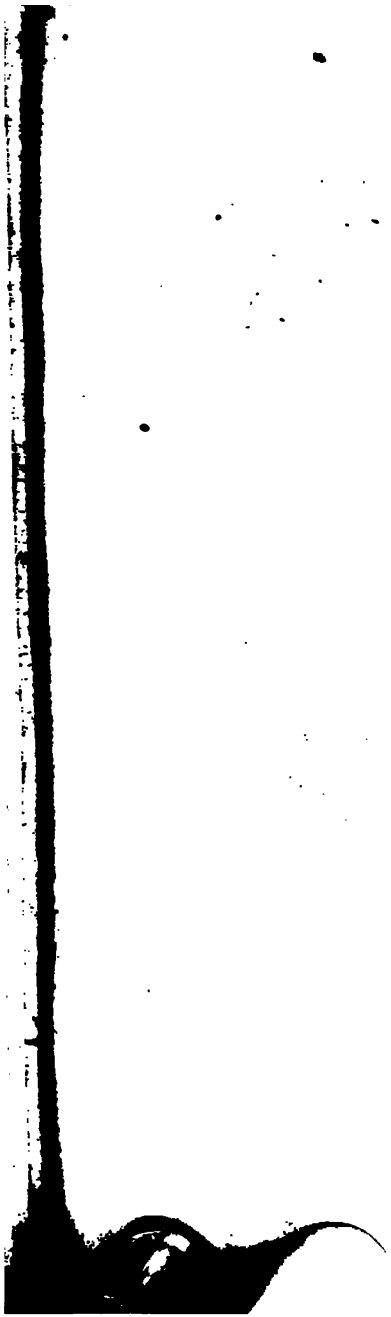

MEMOIRS

AND LETTERS

OF

CAPTAIN SIR WILLIAM HOSTE,

BART., R.N., K.C.B., K.M.T.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

MEMOIRS

AND LETTERS

OF

CAPT. SIR WILLIAM HOSTE,

BART., R.N., K.C.B., K.M.T.

" If ever
The powers above did mask in human shapes
To teach mortality; not by cold precepts,
Forgot as soon as told, but by examples
To imitate their pureness and draw near
To their celestial virtues — I believe
He's more than man."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
(SUCCESSOR TO HENRY COLBURN.)
1833.

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MEMOIRS

AND LETTERS

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CAPT. SIR WILLIAM HOSTE,

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BOOK III.—CONTINUED.

MEMOIRS

AND LETTERS

OF

SIR WILLIAM HOSTE.

BOOK III.—CONTINUED.

TO THE REV. DIXON HOSTE.

Amphion, Fiume, Oct. 12th, 1809.

MY DEAR FATHER,

My letter of the 29th ult. to my mother, will have informed you that poor Amphion had been very sickly. Thank God, we are all recovered, and ready for any service.

At last it is, I am truly sorry to say, determined that peace, inglorious peace, is to conclude the last struggle of Austria and France. By accounts from Breda that may be depended upon, it appears that General Prince Litchten-

stein, Mayer, and another, left the Austrian head-quarters for Vienna, to sign, it is said, the preliminaries of peace. What those will be, is still a mystery; conjecture is busy of course; but I much fear (indeed how can it be otherwise?) that the whole of the Litterall will be added to France; in that case, adieu to the Continent. It is the only course we have left us, and in losing that, we lose all chance of disposing of our colonial produce and manufactures. Indeed I despair of being on shore again, on *terra firma*. Turkey is the only spot on the main we have any hold in, and that is precarious.

I have this day seen French papers to the 27th of September, English news to the 14th. In them a change of ministry is mentioned as likely to take place, and that Sir J. Duckworth succeeds Lord Collingwood in the command of the Mediterranean. The latter I hope is not correct. I should be sorry to lose so good and so able a chief; nor do I know any one who is better calculated for the general good of the service and this important station, than Lord Collingwood. I suppose I shall be ordered on some other service, as Sir J. Duckworth will, most probably, place

some of his own friends on the Adriatic service, a preference I have not a right to expect.

If peace be actually signed between Austria and France, the ships of the line will, of course, quit the Adriatic; in that case there will be good pickings: at present there is nothing to be done. What a business the Austrians made of it! How fatal for Spain and the general interests of Europe!

Poor Old England seems the only one who bears up against the storm. Mr. Canning, it appears to me, is playing a desperate game. We hear of the English army in all quarters, but no success. The French laugh at our imaginary victory at Talavera.

TO THE SAME.

Amphion, Fiume, Oct. 16th, 1809.

MY DEAR FATHER,

Your letters of the 20th of August have this moment reached me. The vessel sails instantly, therefore I have only to say that I am once more left to command here, with my hands full and a pack of troubles. Peace is made, and all the Litterall given to France. Of course it

is up with the Austrians; they deserve all they get, a pusillanimous set of fellows. I hope the Corsican will work them pretty tight for their cowardly tricks.

What can have become of my letters, I am sure I am quite at a loss to determine. That I have written by every conveyance, I hope I need not say. That I should be wanting in affection or attention to you, my dear father, is of all earthly things the most improbable, and surely you will do me the justice to believe me incapable of being so base.

You must have heard from my agent ere this. I have written to him a few months ago, and now repeat it, I have only to assure you that what little I do make, does not go to myself alone, I have calls on my pocket from many, many quarters, and such as I cannot refuse. To assist you is a primary object, and I do not want for inclination, though, perhaps, I have not always the means.

TO THE SAME.

Amphion, Lucine, Nov. 15th, 1809.

MY DEAR FATHER,

Your welcome packet reached me yesterday, dated September 1st. I was sorry to hear the gout prevented the shooting that day; I hope all is well again. Dear little Edward left me for Spartan a few weeks ago; he will have such advantages in being with Brenton, in learning French, Italian, drawing, &c. &c. that I should not have been doing him justice to have kept him after Brenton's handsome offer. It was a sad parting, and I miss him more than I thought it possible, and regret now that we were parted; but all is for the best, and you will, I am sure, approve of what I have done. The officer he is with now, is reckoned one of the best in our service, and he will gain professional skill, besides an education for a *diplomatique* if you wish him.

I am once more lord and master of the Adriatic. The French are strong in this quarter, and I shall—must have a brush with them this winter, so be prepared for a *dash* at a frigate. It is

nearly a twelvemonth since I left Malta. I have five months of all sorts on board, and intend to make the fortune this cruise, which my friends in Norfolk have long since made for me.

I am settling an unpleasant business with the Imperialists relative to their marine. They wanted to give it to France: I have put in my *veto*, and have prevented it.

TO MRS. HOSTE.

Amphion, at Sea, Adriatic, Dec. 24th, 1809.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I wish I was one of your snug Christmas fireside party, instead of being half frozen to death by one of these cold north-east winds, that literally blow through my lantern sides, and I never felt it so cold in England. Here I am still cruising, and the 4th of next month will complete my twelvemonth's cruise. It is now very near four months since I have heard any English news: now that all the *late* Imperial ports belong to France, we are entirely lost to news of any kind, and I really know no more of what has been going on in the world since I

quitted Fiume on the 7th of November, than if I did not belong to it.

I have let my Adriatic friends know that I am still in these parts though, and a month's cruise from Fiume has enabled us to capture twenty-four prizes, but extreme severe weather, and constant gales, have lost us all the profits, and I could only send one to Malta, worth about £3000.

I have not had a line from Edward since he quitted me; indeed, there has been no opportunity; they appear to have quite forgotten us in this part of the station, for I am left with only one small sloop to cope against treble the force; but there is no fear of the *enemy* coming *out* to attack us. They are very snug in port, and like *sensible* people, they take good care of themselves and ships.

I have suffered a great loss in the death of poor Sir Alexander Ball; he was a most worthy man, and the service has suffered materially by losing him. He was a great friend of Lord Nelson's, and of course much looked up to by all our gallant conntryman's *élèves*; he was particularly kind and attentive to me, and being so high in command at Malta, was of great use.

Since my last letter to you, I have received a letter from Lord Collingwood, which I am sure will give my dear father great pleasure; it is in answer to mine relative to the Cortellazzo affair, and his lordship is pleased to express in animated terms the satisfaction he received from the conduct of the Amphion. To me there is no credit due; only the plan was mine; the executive part fell to the duty of those who had the happiness to command, and who I well knew were fully equal to it. The praise of the Commander-in-chief confers honour upon all, and is a spur (though none be wanting) to further enterprise.

I wish you all, the old story, a merry Christmas and a happy new year.

TO THE REV. DIXON HOSTE.

Amphion, off Trieste, Dec. 27th, 1809.

MY DEAR FATHER,

It is so long since I have had any tidings from Old England, that I begin to fidget not a little. I do not mean that it is owing to your not having written, but that no vessel has been sent here from Malta since the peace with Austria, and we have no communication with the

Continent at present, nor likely to have; our sole dependance for news and letters is by way of Malta. You may suppose that constant sea-work does not furnish much variety for a letter. If I was to give you one day's occurrence, you would have a month's work at least of what constantly goes forward on board the Amphion.

We are daily taking prizes, and very good ones too, had we a port to send them to; but possessing no place in the Adriatic, and the prizes being so small that it is dangerous at this season of the year to send them to Malta, leave us only the alternative of destroying them. We have taken eight this day alone, loaded with valuable cargoes that would fetch a great deal of *hard* cash, could I ensure them to Malta. But it has blown a constant severe gale of wind, and I have been obliged to sink all but one, and she is so bad that I must take the cargo out.

You will hardly believe that since the 18th of November, when our cruising began, that is to say from the day of the Austrians having stopped all communication, we have taken thirty-four vessels; and from the 23rd of June 1808 to Christmas-day 1809, Amphion has taken and destroyed two hundred and eighteen vessels of

the enemy. It looks well on paper, but has not put much cash in our pockets, owing to the difficulty attending their being sent to port. I am left senior officer here at present, God knows whether I shall remain here as such. There are so many *senior captains* of frigates on the Mediterranean station, that I cannot have any right to expect it. Lord Collingwood is my friend, and that is all my chance.

I have not heard from dear Edward since he left me. I hope you approve of my sending him with Brenton; be assured he will receive better instruction there than I could give him. I miss him much; he is a good brave boy as ever stepped, and, be assured, will do you credit wherever he goes; besides, my dear father, his being with Brenton will ensure him a friend, and a man like Brenton is as likely, and much more so than our friend Lord Nelson was when I first went with him, to turn out as great a character. Everybody knows him as one of the best officers in our service, and if I had not thought so myself, I would not have put him there (that is Edward): besides, should any accident befall me, he has a sheet anchor in

Brenton, who, I know sufficiently well, will never lose sight of him for my sake. If the Spartan goes home, Teddy joins me again; he will not make so much prize-money where he is, but he will learn French and Italian.

I have no news, my dear father; I hope you have had as pleasant a Christmas as we have had; though so severely cold that water froze in the cask, and a hard gale of wind, we were taking prizes, and as happy as princes. Can there be a greater proof of the pusillanimity of our enemies in this part of the world, than to allow one frigate and one sloop to annoy the trade in the manner we do? I will give you their force. At Ancona, three frigates, two brigs, and two schooners; at Venice, one frigate, three brigs, two schooners, and gun-boats innumerable; at Trieste, four Russian line-of-battle ships, two frigates, and six French gun-boats, and one galley.

What think you of their enterprise after that? The truth is, they are afraid of the weather, and are very badly manned: we are well manned, and do not care a fig about the weather.

I have not seen an English paper since the

2nd of September. What a treat your yesterday's paper would be, *though you do abuse it sometimes.* I hope you have had good shooting this year. How is Mr. Coke, and all his family? pray remember me to him. God knows when I shall be in England again; not before the war is over, and that will be a long time first, I think.

Give my best love to my mother and James, and all hands, and believe me, my dear father, your most affectionate son.

Neither the severity of cold felt in the Adriatic, nor the mortification of continual loss by the destruction of prizes from the season of the year, lessened the indefatigable zeal of our hero and his gallant crew. Still commanding in the Adriatic, January 10th, 1810, having, by firing one broadside, driven the enemy from the guns of the battery of Manfredoma, the marines landed and took possession of the battery, while the boats, manned and armed, towed out several vessels.

On the 19th, Captain Hoste was joined by the Active, thirty-six-gun frigate, Captain James

Gordon, one in whom he found an able and willing coadjutor, in all that judgment, valour, and integrity could suggest to the mind of the commodore.

In hostility with the whole coast of the Adriatic, opportunities ever existed for service and distinction, and those opportunities failed not to be sought and taken advantage of. An attack was made by the Amphion and Active on the morning of the 20th, on the town of Peran. At eight, five of the ships anchored with two springs within musket-shot of the town, and fired on the French troops stationed in different parts of the town and heights. The launch and yawl were sent to flank the enemy's entrenchments; when the ships fired on the enemy's vessels, many of them were sunk and destroyed, and at noon the frigates sailed, and stood out of the bay.

At the end of the month the Amphion returned to Malta to refit, which was the only port in that part of the Mediterranean which afforded the necessaries for doing so. There he was ever welcomed by the many constantly residing there, as well as those resorting from their various stations to refit.

Though little is mentioned by Captain Hoste relative to his own ill health, and though its increase never prevented the full execution of his duty, yet he had suffered materially from the unremitting activity which he had displayed in a station where, more than any other he had been previously placed on, all his energy and anxiety were incessantly called forth. But the gratification of knowing that he had fully acted up to all the confidence so judiciously placed in him by his commander-in-chief was to him an ample recompense for all he might in other respects have suffered. It was in one of these frequent returns to Malta, that his generous magnanimity was most conspicuously displayed. While walking on the pier of Malta harbour, he perceived a man unable to swim, struggling to save himself from a watery grave, having accidentally fallen overboard from the deck of a merchant vessel then lying at anchor in that port; without hesitation he instantly plunged into the sea, and succeeded in bringing the grateful individual safe to the land; the sincerity of the prayer "God bless your honour!" was never more fervently offered than at that moment, by the rescued sailor.

TO THE REV. DIXON HOSTE.

Amphion, Malta, Feb. 21st, 1810.

MY DEAR FATHER,

Your letters of the 1st of January reached me on my arrival at this place, and were most welcome indeed. Thank you, my dear father, for all your expressions of affection and esteem; be assured my first wish is, that you should approve my conduct both in public and in private life. It is a difficult thing to steer through the former without censure, and the more distinguished, the more probable to meet it.

We arrived here on the 5th instant, after thirteen months' cruise. To my great joy I found dear old George on board the Success frigate, going from Messina to Malta, on purpose to see me. I shall sail from hence the beginning of March.

Lord Collingwood has been pleased to approve my conduct relative to the Imperial marine, and has continued me in the command of the Adriatic, with three frigates and a sloop under my orders. I stand at least *two feet* higher on that account, and if the Frenchmen will but give me an oppor-

tunity, you shall hear fresh tidings of the Amphion and her crew. God knows when I shall see England; the road is open here to riches, honour, &c. &c.; strike whilst the iron is hot, is a wise maxim.

When we have peace, with what joy shall I return to your dear fire-side. I long to be at rest for a few years, yet would I rather serve till I am grey-headed, than yield to the demands or submit to the yoke of that Corsican. A pretty mess of politics seems to be going on in England; ministers fighting, and the country torn by party: where will it end?

Returned to his station in command of the small squadron in the Adriatic, on the 27th of March the boats of the squadron and marines were sent, under the command of Lieutenant Jones, at 3^h $30'$ P.M. to destroy the vessels in Humago. The ship worked up to the town; a firing of musquetry and great guns was seen towards Humago, and at daylight the men were in possession of the town and vessels. The boats brought off some prizes, and destroyed others. The detachment returned, having destroyed and

captured twenty vessels of different descriptions; two long guns, twenty-four pounders, carriages, &c. complete, were brought on board.

TO THE REV. DIXON HOSTE.

Amphion, Lissa, April 21st, 1810.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I am just arrived here with nine prizes, and pretty good ones, considering the station. I send this by a Maltese privateer, which sails for Malta immediately. We are all quite well, and in high spirits at the golden prospect which appears at this moment in embryo. The reports current here are, that peace will very soon be concluded, and that Napoleon is to sacrifice his own family and ambitious projects for the peace of the world.

You will have heard of the marriage with the Archduchess of Austria. It is, I should suppose, a great political stroke of the Corsican, and secures him from all future struggle with the Austrian states; it is the *coup de grace* of insult offered to the wretched pusillanimous Emperor and the Archduke Charles, once (*soi-disant*) the saviour of Germany.

To represent the Corsican, is beyond all belief, were it not confirmed by too many witnesses. We have plenty of work cut out for us in the Adriatic, and of all stations it is the pleasantest; such variety and amusement, and prizes to boot, make the hours pass quick, I assure you.

You may imagine I am anxious to hear whether Lord Collingwood is gone to England, and who has superseded him: whoever he may be, I think he will come after such a man rather in the back-ground.

Remember me most affectionately to my dear mother, and all hands. I would write to all, but the privateer sails directly, and you will say there is some excuse when I add, that I have not been an hour off deck these forty-eight hours, for all the officers have been absent on leave.

Adieu, my dear father, God bless you and all hands. You will have heard, probably, that Mr. Phillott, my late first lieutenant, is made commander for the Cortelazzo affair. If you hear of him, show him some attention, for he is deserving of it.

TO MRS. HOSTE.

Amphion, Lissa, April 23rd, 1810.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I am sure you will be glad to hear our usual good fortune continues to attend on my darling Amphion. We have been very fortunate since we left Malta in March, and have taken and destroyed forty-six sail of vessels, some of which are very good ones, and will bring us in a little pewter. I think if I stay two years more in the Adratic, I may scrape enough together to set the Hoste family at the dear old house as happy and as comfortable as I hope they ever have been. Do not think I am selfish in keeping what little I have made to myself; with a little addition, I shall have it in my power to do all my dear father would wish, and if it eases him of the burdens and cares of this life, it cannot be better disposed of.

I sail to-morrow again on a fresh cruise, with good information of enemy's vessels, and have no doubt shall make a good thing of it. I was at Fiume the other day, that is to say, in the bay, of course not on shore, but near enough

to distinguish with our glasses the family that were so kind to me; and we hoisted our colours as we passed the house, which was asking how they went on in our language, and a wave of the ladies' white handkerchiefs answered "Very well." We took a prize, and a very good one, from under their very guns, in *open day*, and I have since understood the French commandant shed tears of rage at our impudence. I did it merely to convince our friends that French protection was not quite so potent as they might imagine.

The little squadron, consisting now of the Amphion, Active 38, Cerberus 32, continued their successful exertions, and as the enemy's ships of war remained quietly in their different ports, the service was generally confined to annoying, by every means, the coasting trade carried on from the different ports and harbours of that sea.

On the 28th of June, cruising in the Gulf of Trieste, the boats of the Amphion chased a convoy of several vessels into the harbour of Grao, and the officer on his return reported that they were laden with naval stores for the arsenal

at Venice. Captain Hoste was induced to attempt the capture of them, as well from their great importance to the Italian government, then making every exertion to equip their marine at that port, as that its protection, it was said, consisted only in twenty-five soldiers stationed at Grao, an open town in the Friuli.

How greatly he was deceived as to the number of the garrison and the strength of the place, the following detail will clearly show; nor can it be better described than by passages from his public letter, where his own expressions beautifully pourtray the generous admiration he felt for those who had more than acted up to the confidence reposed in them.

"And if," he continues, "I should enter too much into detail in relating to you the circumstances attending its capture, I trust, Sir, you will consider it on my part as only an anxious desire to do justice to the gallant exertions of those who were employed on the occasion."

The shoals of Grao prevent the approach of shipping of burthen to the boat service, and therefore he only could look for the capture of

the convoy. On the evening of the 28th he telegraphed to the ships under his command, that their boats and marines might assemble along side the Amphion by twelve o'clock that night, but, it falling calm in the early part of the evening, and the Active being considerably in the offing, her boats were prevented by their distance from reaching Grao, and taking the stations assigned to them in the attack, and no possible blame can be imputed to the officers and men employed for their not being present. He continues:

"Captain Whitley very handsomely volunteered his services on this occasion, but I considered it as a fair opportunity for my second lieutenant (Stanter), the first lieutenant being absent, having been detached on other service in the barge the day before, to distinguish himself, and he has fully, in every way, justified the confidence I had in him. The convoy were moored in a river above the town of Grao, and it was absolutely necessary to be first in possession of it: the defences of the town were two old castles, almost in ruins, with loop-holes for musquetry, and a deep ditch in their front, extend

ing from one castle to the other. The boats and marines from the Amphion and Cerberus put off from the ship about forty minutes past eleven, landed without musket-shot to the right of the town before daylight, and instantly advanced to the attack, the launches with carronades, under Lieutenant O'Brien, accompanying them along shore. It had been intended that the Amphion's and Active's men should have landed to the right of the town, and the Cerberus to the left; but the former boats not arriving, Lieutenant Kaughter very properly took the Cerberus' with him, and left the gig to direct the Active's to the left; of course they had much farther to row, and much to the regret of all, did not get on shore till after the place was taken.

"A very heavy firing commenced about the dawn of day; the enemy being considerably stronger than was imagined, and assisted by a numerous peasantry, kept up a very destructive fire on our men whilst advancing, who purposely retired a little to the left, taking shelter under some hillocks, and what the unevenness of the ground afforded; they were followed by the

French troops, who, conceiving this to be a retreat on the boats, quitted their advantageous position and charged with the bayonet. It no longer became a contest to be decided by musquetry. They were received with the steadiness and bravery inherent in Englishmen; both officers and men were personally engaged hand to hand, and out of the number killed by the enemy in this encounter eight were bayonet wounds, which will convince you, Sir, of the nature of the attack.

"A struggle of this kind could not last long, and the French troops endeavoured in great confusion to regain their former position; they were closely pursued, and charged in their turn, which decided the business, and the whole detachment of the enemy, consisting of a lieutenant, serjeant, and thirty-eight privates of the 81st regiment (all Frenchmen), were made prisoners, leaving our brave men in possession of the town and twenty-five vessels laden with stores and merchandise.

"The Active's boats landed at this moment to the left, and her marines were of great use in

completely securing the advantages gained. No time was now lost, and every exertion was made to get the convoy out of the river, but great labour and fatigue were caused in shifting the cargoes into smaller vessels to get them over the bar, and being nearly low water, it was late in the evening before they could be got afloat.*

"About eleven o'clock in the forenoon an attack was made on the town by a party of French troops, coming from Maran, a village in the interior. The force nearest them instantly attacked, assisted by the launches in the river; and the enemy finding all resistance ineffectual, after losing two killed, threw down their arms, and surrendered. About seven in the evening I had the satisfaction of seeing the whole detachment coming off to the squadron, which I had anchored about four miles from the town directly the wind allowed, and everything was secured by eight o'clock.

"A service of this nature has not been performed without loss, but, everything considered,

* Burnt in the river, not being able to get them over the bar, 11; brought out, and sent to Lissa with cargoes, 5; small trading-vessels loaded from the large vessels, burnt, 14 or 15.

it falls short of what might have been expected from the obstinate resistance met with."

The system of trading by licence, to mitigate the injuries of the Continental system of Napoleon on British manufacture, was carried on at this time with great force in the Adriatic. The frauds to which it gave rise were clearly discerned, and much inquired into by Captain Hoste while commanding on this station; and as this will show with what accuracy of judgment he could enter into the minute details of trade, and with what earnest zeal he strove to protect the rights of the British merchant, the correspondence is subjoined entire.

TO ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES COTTON.

H. M. S. Amphion, July 31st, 1810.

SIR,

The French squadron in Ancona and Venice are now in a complete state for sea, and that at the latter place has removed to Chiozza. They are badly manned, and will fall an easy prey whenever or wherever we meet them. You will observe a considerable diminution in

the list of enemy's vessels captured and destroyed. I can only impute it to an almost total stagnation of trade in the upper part of the Adriatic, occasioned, I suppose, by heavy losses the merchants have sustained, and the numerous British and Sicilian privateers which infest the coast. The only trade to any extent that is carried on now, is by means of British licences. I daily board vessels of this description under Greek colours, going to Trieste and Fiume, and the Italian ports. They bring cargoes of salt, which this country is greatly distressed for, and from which the French Government derive considerable revenue.

I presume it was the intention of Government, when these licences were granted, that the British merchant should partly receive the benefit arising from them. In the trade from Malta with the ports of the Adriatic, the merchant of Malta must confine himself solely to the cargo of salt, as colonial produce, or anything like British manufacture is entirely excluded, and the vessel and cargo would be confiscated.

I had the honour of mentioning to you, Sir, in a former letter, that a Mr. Adamich, a mer-

chant at Fiume, had the contract given him by the French Government for supplying the coasts of Italy and Dalmatia with salt, and that he had waited on me, when the Amphion was off Fiume in April last, to endeavour to make some arrangement by which colonial produce might be introduced through the facility which his contract for salt afforded. Some time has elapsed since then, and no vessels with colonial produce, or any cargo that could benefit the British merchants, have arrived, and I have reason to think that this Mr. Adamich is playing a deep game, and, like a true merchant, looks only to himself.

Since the late treaty of peace between Austria and France, many of the Trieste and Fiume merchants have established themselves at Malta, leaving one of the firm at either of the above places. Mr. Adamich is of this number, and by means of the British licences a very great trade is carried on between them, not benefiting (I think) the commerce of Great Britain in the smallest way, or even the British merchant, but, on the contrary, assisting and supplying our enemy with a most necessary article, and which is a source of great revenue.

The trade, in the way it is carried on at present in the Adriatic, is between two enemy's merchants, one of which is established at Trieste and the other residing for the time at Malta.

I believe it was imagined that naval stores, such as hemp and spars, might be sent from hence, and perhaps owing to that idea the licences have been granted in this part; but on the contrary, so strict are the orders relative to the first article, that before an Italian merchant can purchase a cargo of hemp, and sail with it, he must pay double duty, and lodge one third of the supposed value of his cargo in the hands of Government. It is plain, therefore, that the French Government will not by this licensed trade (for they are well acquainted with it) allow even the smallest exportations that can benefit us, and indeed, if the blockade of the ports in the Adriatic be ever so strictly attended to, whilst these licences are in force it can have no effect, as far as distressing the enemy goes.

I shall be happy to receive any instructions relative to this trade; and I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM HOSTE.

The subject of the above letter, relative to the trade by licence carried on in the Adriatic, having been forwarded to England, and laid before the Privy Council, the following order was issued in December 1810, and forwarded to Captain Hoste.

THE LORDS of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, having had under their consideration an extract of a letter from Captain Hoste, of his Majesty's ship Amphion, and transmitted in yours of the 12th instant, relative to the effect of the licences granted at Malta, for carrying on a trade with ports in the Adriatic, I am directed to acquaint you, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that the Lords of the Council have recommended to his Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonial department, to instruct his Majesty's Civil Commissioner at Malta, to make it a condition, in all future licences to be granted by him, permitting vessels to trade from Malta to ports in the Adriatic, that not less than two-thirds in bulk of the cargo of each vessel on her voyage from Malta to any port in the occupation or under the control of

the enemy, shall consist of articles originally imported into Malta from a port of the United Kingdom or from any British colony or plantation, the importation to be certified by a manifest, or list of the articles, to be inserted in the body of the licence, or to accompany the same, duly authenticated by his Majesty's Civil Commissioner at Malta. I am, Sir, &c. &c. &c.

John Barrow, Esq. CHETWYND.

(*Copy.*)

TO THE REV. DIXON HOSTE.

Amphion, Lissa, August 28th, 1810.

MY DEAR FATHER,

Your most welcome letters of June reached me yesterday, on the arrival of one of the squadron from Malta. Though I rejoice most heartily that your health is in a great measure re-established, yet, my dear father, I could not help observing that you write *not* in your usual spirits; and indeed, I am truly concerned to see it. Nothing can make the fag and dull monotony of a sailor's life pass over pleasantly, but the remembrance that our dearest friends in England are interested and made happy by our

exertions. That riches do not confer happiness, I have almost daily opportunities of observing. Those men who have made large fortunes in our profession, and who perhaps, in consequence, have quitted the service, are neither *happier* nor *better* men than those who are poorer, but more actively employed; and I can assure you, if all is right at Godwick, and the best of fathers happy, that few people have more occasion to return thanks for their situation in life than myself; but to hear you are not well, or in your usual spirits, will always cast a gloom over the Amphion. I hope ere long to see you again, to bless you a thousand times, my dear father, for all your goodness. You appear to think we have done our duty, and I trust we have fulfilled your expectations. Do you think George and myself do not glory in the idea? Indeed we do, and one day hope to tell you in the old house how dear you are to us both.

Report says the Amphion is ordered home; I know nothing about it, but as I wrote you before, if the Commander-in-chief has any friend he wishes to assist, he will most probably send him here. I have no right to expect anything from him; we are perfect strangers; and as there are

many whose claims, both from seniority and services, are superior to mine, I suppose I shall be superseded. I only want an action with the frigate, and I should then quit the Adriatic with pleasure, for (*entre nous*) it is hard service, and the anxiety is increased tenfold by the threatened invasion of Sicily, and the total want of ports and difficulty of information. Do not mention this, as I never wish to point at any thing like complaint of hardship.

Teddy is quite well, has finished his navigation, and is all you could wish him. How proud I am of that boy! he is beloved by all, and I may with truth say, if he was my own son, he could not be dearer than he is to me, and I believe it is mutual. God bless you, my dearest father! keep your spirits up for Heaven's sake and for our sakes, and ever believe me.

TO MRS. HOSTE.

Amphion, Lissa, Aug. 31st, 1810.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

One of my little squadron arrived here yesterday, and brought us several letters from the dear old house. Thank you a thousand

times for all your expressions of affection and kindness. I most sincerely hope, ere this, you have recovered all your usual health and spirits, and that George on his arrival will find you quite well. I should like to be a witness to your meeting. I do not think Old England would produce a happier set when we are all assembled round the parlour fireside. Should that ever take place, and peace is the order of the day, what a happy reflection it will be for all parties that you placed your children where you thought it was for their good, and they will feel grateful for it, and happy at the idea of having fulfilled their duty. Ah! my dear mother, what would I give to be a witness of that. If ever I should (and why should I not?) get quietly home, and this war is passed, I think the measure of my happiness will be to remain an easy, plodding, country farmer, with all my friends around me. I am almost tired of this unsociable life, but I have no right to complain, and must rough through it.

In a letter George writes me, dated the 7th of July, he says he has just left Admiral Martin, who tells him that the Amphion will certainly

take home the September convoy; but in another, dated the 27th of July, the admiral tells him he only expects orders to send me home.

I should regret leaving a station when a probability of service offers, and of distinguishing myself; but, as I have often said, there are many in the Mediterranean whose claims are superior to mine. At all events, whether I remain or am ordered home, the same conduct which I have endeavoured should be the guide of all my actions will actuate me, and I believe I shall quit this command with the good wishes of all who have been with me. Captains Hallowell and Brenton are the two best friends I have in the service, and I look upon them quite as examples for any officer to follow.

My dear boy Ned is quite well, and grows tall; but, like myself, is one of Pharaoh's lean kind. We have established a cricket-club at this wretched place, and when we do get anchored for a few hours, it passes away an hour very well. Teddy is the head of the party.

The ships with me are the Amphion, Active (Resistance to be), Cerberus, and Acorn sloop. I have not been at Malta, nor seen anything but

these almost savage islanders since I left it in the beginning of March; nor do I expect it, unless relieved by some other ship. We were very near, the other day, getting hold of the Ancona squadron, and an end of all my anxiety; two hours more would have brought us to action, but the cowardly rascals took shelter in their ports. Though greatly superior, I do not despair giving them an embrace which will, I hope, do justice to a pupil of Lord Nelson.

I flatter myself that this day you are drinking success to the Amphion. God bless you all in return, and that every year may bring increasing happiness to you, is the sincere prayer of

Yours ever.

Great occasions, it has often been remarked, will produce great men; and if the trials and difficulties which Hoste had now to encounter were more than usually severe, the triumphant issue and brilliant success were proportionably glorious.

The enemy's force in the Adriatic had been considerably increased, and they were so strong in gun-boats, that he could not prevent their

trading between the islands in that sea and the coast of Dalmatia, from the want of small vessels. Moreover, they showed so much activity in their ports to get ready for sea, that he suspected, with good reason, some object in view, which required the whole energy of his mind and body to thwart and counteract.

For the purpose of intercepting them, he cruised day after day between Mount St. Angelo and the Island of Lissa, occasionally calling off Ancona. On the 29th of September the enemy's squadron, under Commodore Dubourdieu, sailed from Chiozza; but their destination was still unknown. The Amphion pursued them to Ancona, and on coming in sight of that harbour, she discovered their whole force, part under sail and part getting under weigh, consisting of three frigates, two corvettes, two brigs, one schooner, and a gun-boat. In the evening, however, they stood in again for the harbour. Several line-of-battle ships were fitting out at Venice and Trieste, and with this addition to their strength, they intended to make an attack upon Sicily at the end of the year.

Hoste was weak in comparison, but he conti-

nued to watch their motions with increasing anxiety. The Cerberus and the Acorn soon afterwards arrived, yet not, unfortunately, till the enemy had sailed. Concluding that Corfu was their immediate object, he determined to proceed thither without loss of time, and call at Lissa in his way for more accurate intelligence. A Sicilian privateer, which said she had been chased by them in that direction only six hours before, confirmed his original idea; and accordingly he continued the same course all night, with a certainty of overtaking them at daybreak between Pelegosa and St. Angelo.

The morning came, and no enemy could be seen or heard of. For that and the two following days he pressed onward, working to the south-east, until Brindisi was in sight. Still disappointed in his fondest expectations of bringing the two squadrons together, (for victory was certain to his ardent spirit, if he could but have met them,) he tacked about, and reconnoitred Cattaro, thinking it probable that the enemy had stretched over to the Albanian coast when they found the wind foul for Corfu. They had, indeed, gained information of his being in the neighbour-

hood from three fishing-boats, and instantly sailed back to Ancona. As it was, he must have caught them at Lissa, where he was previously bound, had it not been for the unfortunate circumstance of meeting the Sicilian privateer, from whom he gained wrong information. They had arrived at Lissa on the 22nd, landed seven or eight hundred troops, and taken possession of the place.

On finding no squadron at Cattaro, the wind increasing from the south-east, Captain Hoste was convinced they were to leeward, and bore up for Lissa. It was then that he received the above account. He then sailed for Ancona. On his passage he was joined by the Montague, and Captain Mowbray took the command. The mortification he felt was extreme, but there was no ground for self-reproach. Every thing had been done which zeal and ability could accomplish; doubtless they had eluded his efforts for a time, and only for a time. The glories he then expected were amply realised, as the event will show.

TO THE REV. DIXON HOSTE.

Amphion, Lissa, Nov. 24th, 1810.

MY DEAR FATHER,

In my letter of the 3rd, by the Cerberus, I gave you a long account of our chase after the French squadron, and that they had eluded all my efforts to get sight of them, and their subsequent entry into Ancona. I have in some measure got over the disappointment such an event must of course have occasioned, but I do indeed look upon it as the most distressing circumstance of my life. I am now off on another cruise after them, and, if they venture out, fortune I trust will befriend us a little more than the last time; worse, I am sure, she cannot use us.

The Montague is now under weigh for Malta, and leaves me once more the senior officer; but the two squadrons which are cruising off Corfu, and my own, are now placed under the orders of Captain Eyre of the Magnificent, by Sir C. Cotton, therefore I am no longer commodore; this occurred before the escape of the French squadron from Ancona. I believe you may recollect him succeeding Captain Rebouleau at Wells.

I have received, a few days ago, by the Alacrity, some of your welcome and long expected letters.

I am almost tired of these long cruises, but perseverance has gained a point more than once. The Adriatic owes me some recompense for the last three months' anxiety and disappointment. Had not that (what name shall I call him bad enough?) Sicilian privateer given me wrong information, I must inevitably have fallen in with them, as we were both bound to the same spot. I never liked a Sicilian, and now they are my abhorrence.

Will you say to Jane, that about the horse which you were to buy for her, I beg that, if it is not already done, she will take it as a Christmas-box from me? and will you, my good father, draw on my agent Clementson, to whom I have written on the subject, for any sum the self-same horse may cost; and I beg you will not spare the pocket of the captain in getting the dear girl one that will do justice to the name she intends to give it, "Spartan."

I have not been in Malta since the 10th of March last, and I suppose in another six months

I may get a peep at something like a civilised being.

I will answer James's letter when I next write, and my uncle's also; pray give him my best love, and tell him, when he went one hundred and seventy miles for a *Merino* sheep, I wish he had gone the other six to have seen my friend Brenton, who is one of the best and bravest fellows that ever lived.

Adieu, my dear, dear father. Give my best love to my mother and all hands, and ever believe me your most affectionate and dutiful son.

Immediately after the date of the above, Captain Hoste, with those under his command, appeared off Ancona, and while lying off the harbour in hourly hope that the enemy would venture out and all his anxieties be terminated, he was destined to encounter another severe disappointment. An eye-witness has given the following correct account of the Volage running foul of the Amphion.

"The night of the 27th of November was dark and squally, with rain and considerable swell; we were under close-reefed fore and mizen

top-sails, one reef out of the main top-sail, fore-sail, fore top-sail and mizen stay-sail close hauled on the starboard tack, going through the water about two knots, six fathoms, head east by south. I turned sharp up, instantly I came upon deck, and desired the quarter-master to be very particular in keeping close to the wind; the position of the squadron, Active, Volage, Acorn sloop, Alacrity brig, the two former to leeward, *one* before the lee-beam, the two latter to windward.

"At about nine hours five minutes, we observed the ship before the lee-beam closing us, the wind drawing round to the southward and westward, and of course we coming up, head now south-east by east half east, the ship to leeward still closing. I ordered the second master to show her a light on the lee gangway, which had been previously in readiness for that purpose; but finding the ship to leeward still closing, although our head was now south-east, I ordered the helm hard a lee, and the head sheets to be let go, which brought our head up to south, and appeared to me to be the only possible means to clear the ship closing now nearly on board of us. How-

ever, notwithstanding all our efforts to avoid it, she got on board of us before the lee main channels, stove in the hammock nettings and the launch, carried away the lee main and mizen channels, second gig and quarter gallery, split the main top-sail, and did us other considerable damage; her bower anchor having hooked our quarter-deck bulwark, which proved very difficult to clear, particularly on account of the swell, which caused great motion in both ships, nor was it effected until we had cut the cable."

This distressing incident caused the severest regret in the mind of the leader of the little squadron. Considering himself to have been on the very point of battle, ships cleared for action, and that confidence in his supporters that fully promised success, it was no small trial to be obliged, after clearing the wreck, to take the Volage in tow, and, leaving the Active with the Acorn and Alacrity to watch the enemy, make the best of his way to Malta to repair the serious injuries both ships had suffered, and which were not completed until February in the following year.

TO THE REV. DIXON HOSTE.

Amphion, Malta, Dec. 18th, 1810.

MY DEAR FATHER,

You will be surprised to see this letter dated from Malta, but my *ill* fortune seems to follow me *now*, and the changing dame has treated me as she has so often done others. My letter by the Montague will have told you that my intention was to go off Ancona again directly, with my little though gallant squadron. I got off there the 27th of November, and offered the Frenchmen battle. Though so considerably superior in numbers, the monsieurs declined a contest, though *insult* was added to the challenge. Their force consisted of three large frigates, two corvettes, and three brigs, besides eight gun-boats and two schooners. Our force was two frigates, a twenty-gun ship, a corvette, and a brig. I give you these particulars that you may be aware of the *lies* and falsehoods the French papers may say.

Now for my bad fortune *again*:—After lying nearly within shot of their batteries the whole forenoon in line of battle, expecting they would

come out; we stood off for the harbour, and as the night advanced, every thing bore the appearance of a hard gale of wind. About nine in the evening I had given my night orders, and had *turned in*, when, about half an hour afterwards, I was awoke by the officer of the watch, with the *pleasing* intelligence that a large ship was *on board* of us. I instantly jumped on deck, and found the Volage, one of the squadron, had by a sudden change of wind and violent squall got on board us, and was damaging us considerably. It was really the most serious moment I ever experienced, and for some moments I thought both ships must have gone to the bottom; luckily, however, we got *disentangled*, but not without both ships being so materially injured as to make it absolutely necessary to proceed to Malta to refit and repair; and after a dreadful bad passage we are, thank God, at last arrived.

You may suppose my disappointment at this second mischance. I have reason to think that an action would have certainly taken place between the two squadrons, because I never can believe that they would have been suffered to remain in port, consequently an action would

have been the consequence, and the result *I will not say what.*

I have received several letters from brother officers about the flight of the enemy, and our pursuit; they are all pleased to do me justice for my efforts in endeavouring to bring the enemy to action, and I am only annoyed at it as a disappointment, and a most bitter one it is, but I have no cause of self-reproach. I suppose they will repair us in some way, but the ship must go home in the summer at all events, if not before. We are in quarantine at present, but shall have pratique in two days.

Adieu, my dear father, believe me ever your affectionate son, W. HOSTE.

TO THE SAME.

Amphion, Malta, Jan. 4th, 1811.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I arrived here about a fortnight ago, in company with the Volage, both of us much damaged in a gale of wind off Ancona, by our getting on board each other. It will be a month, I fear, before I sail again, and my old station is still in store for me, though no longer commo-

dore, Sir Charles Cotton having placed the squadron off Corfu, and that in the Adriatic, under the orders of Captain Eyre of the Magnificent, who you may remember had the sea fencibles at Lynn after I quitted it. He is an excellent officer, and I hope we shall get on very well together.

The old Amphion is so very bad that she must go home in the summer; *ergo,* I hope to have a lick at the partridges next season. What a happy circle you must be now at the old house; I wish I were with you, but there seems no prospect of any *finale* to this *guerre éternelle.*

There will be an active campaign in Sicily, or in the neighbourhood, this next year. Murat is collecting his force; and his means, both military and naval, are formidable. There will be a severe struggle too in Portugal, and I think this year will be decisive. I am sure I hope so, for I long to be on shore a little while. God knows how tired I am of this constant unsociable sea life.

TO THE SAME.

Amphion, Malta, Feb. 16th, 1811.

MY DEAR FATHER,

You will be surprised to find this dated from Malta, and indeed so am I, but the old ship required so much repair that it will be still another week before I again resume my old station. Captain Charles Rowley is appointed by the Commander-in-chief senior officer in the Adriatic.

If there is a change of Ministers, I hope to get home and a better ship, for this is quite done up, and has lost her sailing. I have never asked for anything, but I hope I may get a good ship when our friends come in, and that you, my dearest father, may also receive some recompense for the uniform steady attachment to your Whig party. We are anxious to hear of the *ins* and the *outs*. I hope, though I do not expect to find that the First Lord of our department remains in office; he is very popular with the blue coats, and acts upon a liberal scale. The three lieutenants of the Amphion have all been promoted to commanders in the space of one year. Not so bad, I think, for Amphion.

As the last gift of Lord Nelson, I should prefer remaining in her to any thing else; but now she is quite gone by; still I *esteem*, though no longer a *lover*, and I hope my ever lamented patron *would*, if he were still afloat, say I had done justice to his gift.

The French are assembling a strong force both in Apulia and Calabria, and I think they will attempt both Sicily and the Ionian Islands at the same time. They have a strong naval force at Corfu and Ancona, which if not superior is at least equal. We shall have some brush with them this year, it is to be hoped; for I owe them a grudge for the dirty trick they played me in the autumn of last year.

What a history the French have made of it; such a tissue of lies, from beginning to end, was never invented, and one would suppose that Lissa had been both fortified and garrisoned, whereas there was not the shadow of resistance, nor the means to resist. And why did Monsieur Dubourdieu leave it so *suddenly*, only retaining his conquest twelve hours? Because he heard we were in pursuit of him, and close to him, and that flight was his only chance of *escape*. And

why did he not meet me when offered battle with my little squadron off his very port, after his return to Ancona? Where was his dash them? I have no patience when I think of it; and, as I said to you once before, it has been the greatest disappointment I ever experienced.

Captain Marshall is here, the son of your old friend the Doctor; he is a very gentleman-like man, and I like him much; he regrets not having seen his old *chum* before he quitted Malta. I take the change out of an excellent horse he gave me every day. This Malta is the most dissipated place I ever saw, and I am almost tired of late hours and hard living. The vessels the French took at Lissa were three detained ships (neutrals) captured by my squadron, and were valuable; they are lost *in toto.*

On the 26th Captain Hoste sailed from Malta, and on the 12th of March arrived at Lissa, again to watch his long-sought enemy, whose wariness had hitherto given him too many disappointments. But the time approached when the object of pursuit was to be within his grasp: the moment drew near when the cause of his solicitude was

to appear in numbers even surpassing expectation, before him; when victory or death would terminate the conflict, for no other alternative ever presented itself to his mind, and

"Equal to the cause
A chief behold."

* "On the evening of the 11th of March, M. Dubourdieu sailed from Ancona, with, besides his former ship, the Favourite, and the three Venetian frigates, Corona, Bellona, and Carolina; the two French forty-gun frigates Danae and Flora, the latter commanded by Captain Jean Alexandre Péridier, but the name of the Danae's we are unable to state. M. Dubourdieu had also with him the Venetian sixteen-gun brig corvette Mercure, one ten-gun schooner, one six-gun xebec, and two gun-boats, having on board from four to five hundred troops, under Colonel Gifflengs, of the Italian army, as a garrison for the Island of Lissa, as soon as they should succeed in conquering it.

"Early on the morning of the 13th, this

* From James's "Naval History," whose admirable account of the battle of Lissa was too highly approved by the principal actor in it to make it possible to improve upon any change, and is therefore in this instance quoted entire.

Franco-Venetian squadron, of four forty-gun frigates, two of a smaller class, brig-corvette, and other vessels, arrived off the north point of Lissa, and there fell in with a British squadron of three frigates, Amphion, Active, and Cerberus, and a twenty-two-gun ship, Volage, all under the orders of Captain Hoste.

"At three A.M. when about a mile from the entrance of Port St. George, the Active, the weathermost ship of her squadron, then close hauled on the larboard tack, with the wind a fine breeze from the north-north-west, discovered the Franco-Venetian squadron lying-to to windward. After making the night signal for an enemy, the Active bore up to join her consorts. At four A.M. the extremes of Lissa bore from the Amphion, who was then one mile off shore, from west by north to north by east.

"At daylight the force of M. Dubourdieu's squadron was made out, and the squadron of Captain Hoste carried all sail in chase. At six A.M. the Franco-Venetian squadron began bearing down to the attack in two divisions; the starboard or weather one consisting of the Favourite, Flora, Bellona, and Mercure, and the

larboard or lee one of the Danae, Corona, Carolina, and small craft.

"The British ships immediately formed in line ahead, with, besides the customary red ensigns at their respective peaks, union-jacks and ensigns, blue and red, at their foremast heads and at their different stays. Thus nobly decorated, the four ships continued working to windward to close the enemy. Just before the two squadrons got within gun-shot, aware of what would be the talismanic effect, at such a moment, of the name and example of his late friend and patron, Captain Hoste telegraphed, 'Remember Nelson!' The loud 'hurrahs!' of the four ships' companies quickly responded to a signal so admirably calculated to inspire the hearts of both officers and men with all the zeal, all the valour, and all the confidence necessary to withstand a force of such apparently overwhelming superiority as that which, in the full expectation of achieving an easy victory, was now rapidly approaching.

"At nine A.M. the Amphion, then under top and top-gallant sails, on the starboard tack, with the Active, Volage, and Cerberus, in close order

astern, so close indeed, that the ships almost touched each other, opened her fire upon the Favourite, who was rather ahead of the Danae, the leading ship of the larboard division. The Amphion and Active kept up so well-directed a fire upon the Favourite, and the line they formed was so close and compact, that M. Dubourdieu was completely frustrated in his gallant attempt to pass between those ships; 'but,' as Captain Hoste expresses it, 'nothing could withstand the brave squadron I had the honour to command.'

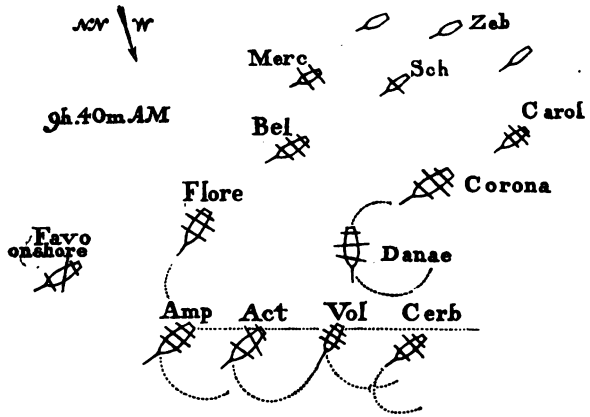
"The Favourite now evinced a disposition to board the Amphion upon the quarter, and the French crew seemed all ready on the forecastle to carry the plan into effect, when, just as the Favourite had approached within a few yards, a brass five-and-a-half-inch howitzer upon the Amphion's quarter-deck, loaded with seven hundred and fifty musket-balls, was discharged at her larboard bow, and sweeping the French ship's forecastle, committed dreadful havoc among the crowd of boarders there assembled. Amidst them was observed ready to lead on his men to the assault, the French commodore himself, and he, it appears, was among those who fell on the occasion.

'In justice to a brave man,' adds Captain Hoste, 'I must say that he set a noble example of intrepidity to those under him.'

"As the British ships were moving at the rate of about three knots an hour, the course of each of the Franco-Venetian columns became more and more oblique or lashing, until the Danae, Corona, and Carolina, especially the two former, brought their larboard guns to bear upon the Volage and Cerberus, which ships, although unable to cope with three such opponents, returned their fire with spirit.

"In the mean time, foiled in her endeavours either to board the Amphion or to cut the line astern of her, and deterred by the Active's apparent superiority of force from wearing and coming to close action with her, the Favourite stood on engaging the Amphion, with the evident intention of rounding the latter ship's bows, and placing the British squadron between two fires. At 9^{h} 40$'$ A. M. being within half a cable's length of the shore of Lissa, Captain Hoste threw out a signal for his ships to wear together. Just as the latter were in the act of obeying the signal, the Favourite made an effort to wear and get to

leeward of the British line, but had scarcely put her helm up, ere she struck on the rocks in the utmost confusion. This important circumstance of the battle, to produce which had been the object of Captain Hoste in standing so long upon the starboard tack, we have endeavoured to illustrate by the following diagram.



" While the Cerberus was in the act of wearing her rudder became choked by a shot. This occasioned the Volage to get round before her, and that ship consequently took the lead on the larboard tack; on which, being close to the wind, the four ships fell into a bow and quarter

line. Sheltered as she had been in some degree by her leader, the Flora was in much better trim for performing any evolution; and now that the British line had stood off from the land, Captain Péridier found no difficulty in passing under the stern of the Amphion. The Flora then opened her first fire, and immediately afterwards hauled up on the larboard tack upon the Amphion's lee-quarter. Almost at the same moment the Bellona hauled up on the Amphion's weather-quarter, and both ships opened upon her a heavy fire.

"By this time the Danae, carefully avoiding the Active's line of fire, had wore on the larboard tack, followed by the Corona and Carolina. Thinking to make an easy conquest of the Volage, the Danae took up a station abreast of her. Thus honoured, with occupying a frigate's post, the Volage bravely maintained a frigate's character, and poured in her thirty-two-pound shot with steadiness and precision. Finding the unexpected weight of these, and soon discovering that they proceeded from carronades, the Danae hauled off to a greater distance, where her long eighteens could produce their full effect, but where carronades could not reach. The

Volage was now obliged to increase the charge of powder for her carronades; and they in consequence broke their breechings and upset. So that at last the six-pounder on the forecastle was the only gun which this gallant little ship had to oppose to the fourteen long eighteen-pounders of her wary antagonist.

"While the Volage and Danae were thus employed, the Cerberus and Corona were not looking inoffensively at each other. In a little time, however, the Cerberus, who was upwards of ninety men short of complement, became greatly shattered in hull, and nearly disabled in rigging, by the heavy and well-maintained fire of the Corona, with whom the Carolina co-operated only in a slight degree, that ship not appearing very ambitious of closing. At length the Active, who had been striving her utmost to get to the assistance of her two friends in the van, approached under a press of canvass. The moment they saw her coming up, the Danae, Corona, and Carolina made all sail to the eastward, then 10^{h} 30′ A. M.

"Suffering greatly from the fire of the two ships that had placed themselves on her quar-

ters, the Amphion gradually bore up to close her heaviest and most annoying opponent. Having passed so close ahead as almost to touch the Flora, the Amphion, at about 11h 15′ A. M. came to the wind on the same tack as before, with her larboard broadside bearing directly on the French ship's starboard and lee bow. So well-directed a fire was now opened upon the latter, that in about five minutes the Flora ceased firing, and struck her colours.

"Immediately after the Amphion had bore up, the Bellona did the same, and placing herself across the former's stern, maintained a heavy and destructive fire. Although particularly careful not to fire into her late consort, some of the Bellona's shot appear to have struck the Flora, who had imperceptibly forereached upon the Amphion. Conceiving the shot to come from the Amphion, one of the officers of the Flora took the French ensign, haliards and all, and holding them up in his hands over the taff-rail, as if for the Amphion's people to witness the act, threw the whole into the sea. After an ineffectual attempt, owing to the damaged state of her rigging and yard-tackle, to hoist out a

boat to take possession of the Flora, the Amphion bore up close, and silenced the Bellona.

"Having wore round on the starboard tack, and taken a position on the Bellona's weather bow, the Amphion poured in one or two broadsides, and at a few minutes before noon compelled the Bellona to haul down the Venetian, as the Flora had the French colours. In the mean time the Mercure brig had also been firing occasionally at the Amphion, but an eighteen-pounder was at length brought to bear upon her, and the brig soon swept herself beyond the reach of either giving or receiving annoyance.

"Lieutenant Donat Henchy O'Brien, by Captain Hoste's orders, now went with two seamen in the punt, and took possession of the Bellona. Having secured this prize, the Amphion wore round; and, making the signal for a general chase, brought to on the larboard tack, a little to leeward of the Cerberus and Volage, whose greatly disabled state had obliged them to bear up. The Amphion had now the mortification to see her first and most valuable prize, the Flora, out of gun shot, on her weather bow, making sail for the island of Lessina, and to-

wards whom the Danae presently edged away, as if to encourage the Flora's commander in the dishonourable act; dishonourable indeed, for the French ship had lain some time at the mercy of the Amphion. The Active also, until she made sail after the Corona, might have sunk the Flora, and probably would have taken possession of her, but that it did not comport with Captain Gordon to stay by a beaten enemy, while a fighting enemy remained to be subdued; above all, when a friend stood in need of assistance. Had even the Cerberus or Volage been aware that the prize was not secured, either ship, as the Flora passed them, might have sent a boat and taken possession of her, having had her rigging and sails much cut, and expecting her foremast every moment to fall. The Amphion was as incapacitated from giving chase as either the Cerberus or Volage. Having her sails and rigging in a more perfect state than either the Cerberus or Corona, the Active soon passed to windward of the former, and at about thirty minutes past noon, when just in mid-channel between Lissa and Spalmadon, received the fire of the Corona; a most galling fire too, as the Active could not

bring any number of her own guns to bear without keeping off the wind, and, of course, losing way in the chase.

"At length, at about 1h 45′ P.M. the Active closed the Corona to leeward. A spirited action now ensued between these two frigates, and continued until 2h 30′ P.M. when the Corona surrendered, after a resistance highly honourable to the Venetian flag, and which resistance she had protracted until almost within reach of the batteries at Lessina. The Carolina and Danae, the latter of whom, had she supported the Corona, might perhaps have saved her from capture, were already in safety under the guns of the battery, and just about to enter the road. The whole of the Venetian small craft also effected their escape in different directions.

"The Amphion had all her lower masts badly shot through, particularly her foremast, as already stated; her larboard main yard-arm and mizen top-mast shot away, and her sails and rigging much cut. At four P.M. the Favourite having been set on fire by her surviving crew, blew up with a great explosion; both the Corona and Bellona were very near sharing her fate, and

placed in considerable jeopardy the lives of all on board them.

"As soon as Lieutenant O'Brien arrived on board the Bellona to take possession, he interrogated the gunner as to the state of the magazine. The latter privately informed him, that Captain Duodo, at the commencement of the action, had ordered to be placed in the small bower cable-tier two or three barrels of gunpowder; intending, as soon as all hopes of further resistance were at an end, to set fire to the train, and, if not blow up the ship, to intimidate the British from taking possession, and thus enable the survivors of the crew to effect their escape. But Duodo's wound came opportunely to prevent the completion of his diabolical design; and the officers of the Bellona themselves probably had, for their own safety, watched very narrowly the movements of their captain.

"Lieutenant O'Brien visited the cable-tier, saw the barrels of gunpowder, and placing one of his men as sentry over them, proceeded to the cabin, where lay the mortally wounded projector wholly unconscious of the discovery of his plot. Cap-

tain Duodo expressed his gratitude in the strongest manner for the generosity paid by the British officer to a beaten foe, but said not a word about the powder; nor were his dying moments disturbed with the slightest allusion to the circumstance.

"In reviewing the merits of this action, although we might easily show that, in point of force, the Amphion and Cerberus were both inferior, and Active herself not more than equal to any of the four forty-gun frigates on the opposite side, and that the Bellona and Carolina were either of them a decided overmatch for the Volage, we shall consider that the seven larger ships agreed with each other in force, and that the three smaller ones did the same. There were also one Venetian sixteen-gun brig, one armed schooner, one xebec, and two gun-boats, mounting altogether thirty-six guns, and, perhaps, equal in light winds that prevailed to a second Bellona or Carolina, or at all events to a second Volage.

"The number of men in the British squadron appears to have been about eight hundred, and the number in the Franco-Venetian squadron at the lowest estimate two thousand five hundred.

Hence the British had opposed to them a force in guns full one third, and in men nearly two thirds, greater than their own; and the whole of that force, as far as number and appearance of the vessels could designate its amount, was plainly discovered as the Amphion and her three consorts advanced to the attack. But the foe was met, the action fought, and the victory won, and fresh and unfaded will be the laurels which Captain Hoste and his gallant companions gained at Lissa!

"Such was an action which stands unrivalled in the annals of the naval history of Great Britain, or that of any other country, from the great disproportion in numerical force, as well as the beauty and address of its manœuvres; it stands surpassed by none in the spirit and enterprise with which it was encountered and carried through to a successful issue.

"During the action, an explosion took place in the marine arm chest abaft, by which several, and among them Captain Hoste, were violently thrown into the air, and received several severe contusions; the skin was entirely burnt from his hands, and one cheek scorched; his telescope

was at another time dashed from his hand, and a musket shot wounded him in the arm. On being earnestly requested to go below for examination, "Never, but with death," was the reply; and though the surgeon, anxious in the extreme to ascertain the extent of injury received, came on deck to attend to the wound, ever more alive to his ship's company than his own comfort, Captain Hoste forbade his exposing himself for a moment, and refused to receive any assistance until the engagement was terminated: but his anxiety on his brother's account was extreme, when for a few minutes he disappeared from his post for the purpose of having his wound dressed; he dared not inquire his fate, when a short interval replaced him in the full exercise of his duty.

"Nor was the severe loss amongst his gallant crew unfelt by one whose intrepidity and courage could enable him to encounter undismayed so formidable an enemy. One of his midshipmen, who by his exemplary conduct had gained the esteem of all on board the Amphion, while commanding a gun on the quarter-deck, was attentively listening to the instructions of his captain,

when the latter having given a moment's attention to point the gun, turned his head to his young *élève*, and he was no more: deeply was the loss of this poor lad felt, and expressed by him whose heart was ever alive to the tenderest feelings of humanity. "If it is any consolation to his friends to learn how he behaved, tell them that even in those days when all strove to emulate, he distinguished himself among his shipmates in the post where honour or danger was in view."

After the battle, the remainder of the French commodore's crew and troops retired to Lissa, where being summoned by two midshipmen from the Active (who had been left there in charge of prizes) and several men belonging to privateers, they surrendered, laid down their arms, and were made prisoners of war.

The British squadron arrived in that island on the 15th, and from thence Captain Hoste forwarded a truce with the following letter.

H. B. M. Ship Amphion, Isle of Lissa,
March 15th, 1811.

SIR,

The frigate you commanded in the late action with the British squadron, struck her colours to his Britannic Majesty's ship Amphion, under my command; I was not able to take possession of you at that moment, being engaged with the Bellona frigate, but I considered you as my own, and as a man of honour you must have thought so yourself. I call on the officers of your own squadron, as well as those I have the honour to command, to witness my assertion.

You know, Sir, I might have sunk you, had I not considered you as having surrendered, and so might two of my squadron also. By the laws of war, the Flora belongs to me, and the purport of my present truce is to demand her restitution in the same state as when she struck.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) ——.

To Monsieur Peridier, Captain commanding the frigate Flora, off Lessina.

(Translation.)

On board his Imperial and Royal Majesty's frigate,
the Danae, in the roads of Lessina.

SIR,

In consequence of the wounds received by Monsieur Peredier, Commandant of his Imperial and Royal Majesty's frigate La Flore, I have had the honour to take upon me the command of his Imperial and Royal Majesty's ships, and I cannot surrender to you his Majesty's frigate under the laws to which you refer, because she did not strike her colours, as you are pleased to state. His Majesty's frigate had her flag cut by shot. Her state not allowing her to continue any longer the engagement, her captain thought proper to withdraw from it. If you should not consider my answer satisfactory, I request you will address yourself to my Government.

I have the honour to be, &c.

To Monsieur the Commandant of the Amphion frigate, off Lissa.

His Britannic Majesty's ship, Amphion,
Island of Lissa, March 19th, 1811.

SIR,

The letter I had the honour of receiving to-day was neither signed nor dated (I presume

through mistake); I return it for its signature. As Captain of the Danae, you will not admit that the Flora struck her colours on the late action, nor did I call on you to do so. No, sir, I call on Monsieur Peridier, the commander of that ship, as a man of honour, to declare whether she struck her colours or not; and if Monsieur Peridier was so severely wounded as not to have charge of the ship at that time, I look to his next in command for an answer to my letter of the 15th; but I again assert, and ever shall maintain, that by the laws of war, his frigate belongs to my Sovereign, and his sword to me. The world will judge between us.

I have the honour to be, &c.

To the Captain commanding
the frigate Danae.

The thanks of the Admiralty were offered on the occasion of this brilliant service to all the captains and ship's company of the four ships engaged: the first-lieutenants of each were promoted to the rank of commander.

The following letter, amongst many others, was highly gratifying to Captain Hoste.

FROM ADMIRAL BOYLES.

Canopus, Palermo, April 2nd, 1811.

MY DEAR HOSTE,

Nothing can be more grateful to my feelings than congratulating you on this most glorious occasion. Your gallant conduct and distinguished bravery will for ever immortalize your name, and make our country rejoice to think they have still preserved for its protection a brilliant spark from the shrine of our immortal countryman Lord Nelson: may you live long to continue your glorious career, and receive the most honourable rewards of a grateful Country!

I have transmitted by Eclair, last night, to Cagliari, to intercept the packet, copies of your official letters, line of battle, lists of the killed and wounded, the correspondence with the French officer, and his answer, to the Secretary of the Admiralty safe, and the originals of the whole to the Commander-in-chief. I have likewise privately written to Mr. Coke, to give him an opportunity of telling your father and mother of your noble deeds.

I hope this will find your wounds in a fair way

of getting well, and that all those gallant heroes, the companions of your battle, are doing well. Pray present to Captains Whitby, Gordon, and Hornby, my warmest congratulations on their heroism, so illustriously displayed on the 13th of March 1811: May they receive every mark of public approbation, so justly their due! is my most anxious wish.

Poor Clephane laments his misfortune in being so far from you as not to participate in your glory. He is on board his new ship, and desires to be kindly remembered to you. I hope this will find you all at Malta.

I am, my dear Hoste, your sincere friend and (proud to say) countryman,

CHARLES BOYLES.

TO THE REV. DIXON HOSTE.

Amphion, off Lissa, Adriatic, March 13th, 1811.

MY DEAR FATHER,

For fear the French accounts should reach England before mine, I write to you to say that all is well on board the Amphion. We have had an action with the French squadron, and completely defeated them: two frigates

taken and one destroyed; another struck, but we could not take possession of her.

I am slightly wounded, and so is Edward. The reason I do not write myself is, the surgeon does not wish me to use my arm. Be assured that Edward's wound, as well as mine, is of no consequence, and that I shall see you in June or July. The result of our action has been glorious, and I refer you for particulars to my public letter. I will write again when I arrive at Malta.

Edward joins in love to all at the old house, and believe me, dear father, your affectionate son, W. Hoste.

TO THE SAME.

Amphion, off Malta, March 29th, 1811.

MY DEAR FATHER,

This is the first time I have been permitted to take a pen in hand, and to whom can I so well bestow my first attempt as to my dear father? The purser of the Amphion was kind enough to be my amanuensis some days ago: in that I told you both dear Edward and myself were wounded; I have now the happiness to say he is quite recovered, and as for myself, this

elegant hand-writing will, I hope, convince you that I am quite *in statu quo.* Thanks to that Providence which has so uniformly protected us! We are all recovering from our *hard* KNOCKS. You will read my letter in the Gazette. It will do my brave squadron justice *this time,* at least. We have brought our two prizes (frigates) in with us, and you may conceive, but I cannot describe, four happier fellows than myself and the three brave captains who supported me so nobly. It is gratifying to me (indeed I feel it so truly) to observe the regard they all have for my dear old Amphion. She was the last gift of my poor Lord Nelson. I hope I have not disgraced his memory in the care of her, though she is cruelly knocked about.

I suppose Amphion must go home. If they can make her run again I know they will, but thanks to the Frenchmen in our late action, they have paid her so well that it will require a clearer head than any the Mediterranean can boast, I fear, to keep her out another twelvemonth, and I wish to go home myself, and will not change into any thing. It would almost break my heart to quit my gallant ship's com-

pany and officers till we all arrive safe in Old England. I shall write to my mother and all hands. God bless you, my dear father, and believe me ever your most affectionate and dutiful son, W. Hoste.

The frigates, with their two prizes, put into Lissa on the 15th, and remained for the purpose of making a temporary refit, that they might make their voyage in safety to Malta. There some account of the enemy's squadron had anxiously been expected. Little more than a month had elapsed since the Amphion had sailed from that port again, in quest of his long-pursued enemy, and it may be easier conceived than described, the heartfelt pleasure with which the heroes of Lissa were received by every description of persons in that island.

On inquiry of the governor of the island, if military honours were to be paid the squadron by manning the lines along the port, the answer was made, that the rank of Captain Hoste did not claim that mark of public respect. A higher honour was in store than a compliment of mere etiquette; the whole garrison, from a sponta-

neous feeling of admiration, ran out unarmed to receive and hail the victorious squadron.

——"Behold!
Each eminence is loaded thick with crowds,
From cots, from ev'ry hamlet pour'd abroad,
To bless thy steps, to celebrate thy praise!"

TO MRS. HOSTE.

Amphion, Malta, April 1st, 1811.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Here we are at last, safe arrived in the old berth at the dockyard. I wrote to my father a few days before my arrival, in hopes some opportunity would offer of sending to England. I am well aware how anxiously you regard anything that bears the appearance of news from this part, and I dread you should see in the papers that both your boys are wounded. I have done all I could to let you have the first information, and though I could not then write myself, nor my dear Ned, yet I thought one of my officers writing for me would at least assure you we were all doing well. If I was to tell you our reception at this place yesterday, you would laugh at me, and call me a *vain,* foolish

man. Indeed, it is enough to make any man so, and I may with truth say, yesterday was the proudest day of my life. The whole of the garrison manned the lines, and cheered us from the time of our entry into the port to that of our anchoring. I could not help thinking, when amidst all the honours everywhere paid my brave associates and myself, of that dear old house in Norfolk, and that if you and my dear father could have witnessed the scene, it would have gladdened your affectionate hearts to have known and *seen* that your boys had done their duty.

I write to you in this manner because I think it gives you happiness to know the particulars of an action which they are pleased to say reflects credit on us all. We are all here — I mean the four ships and our two prizes. Fancy, if you can, four happier fellows than the captains of those ships. Many people told me yesterday they almost *envied* my feelings; indeed, it was a scene the most gratifying, and a man must be a strange article if he did not feel as we all did. You might have knocked me down with a feather, and I certainly did not exactly know whe-

ther I wore my own hair or a wig. My arm is almost well, and I *do not* wear it in a sling. Edward, my brave brother, very nearly lost his little finger, but I am happy to say he is now quite safe, and almost as well as ever.

The commissioner tells me the Amphion must go home. How rejoiced I am at the prospect of seeing Old England, and my still dearer relatives. They tell me here, I shall have SIR added to the Hoste. Now, my dear mother, believe me, on the word of a *sailor*, that I have not vanity to expect the BART., and that the KT. I would not accept *on any account*. I would rather be a poor gentleman than a poor knight any time. I am in earnest, and nothing will make me swerve from my present determination. Philip Wodehouse is good enough to be the bearer of this. Poor fellow! he is so unwell as to be obliged to quit his ship. He says he will shake my father by the hand for this piece of good luck, and deliver this himself.

I will write to Jane and all hands before the packet sails. God bless you, my dear dear mother; ever believe me your most dutiful and affectionate son, W. HOSTE.

TO THE SAME.

Amphion, Malta, May 3rd, 1811.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I am sure you will be glad to hear that I have received my orders to proceed to England with our two prizes immediately they can be put in a fit state for sea, which will be, I think, about the end of this month. The Volage, one of our squadron, goes with us, and I assure you I anticipate the happiness of meeting you all at old Godwick with much pleasure. The packet sails for England to-morrow, and I hope to follow her in a fortnight. What a fortunate fellow I consider myself! I have not a wish unsatisfied, and indeed I am not ungrateful to that Providence who has granted me such happiness.

By this time you must have received the accounts of our action, and I sometimes fancy to myself that you will receive an increase of happiness from our having such distinguished success, and in which my dear old Amphion got her whack of thumping. We have had balls and *fêtes* given us by all classes here, and it is impossible to convey to you the sensation our success has given rise to.

I am truly happy to hear that Brenton is getting better. I hope he will soon renew his professional duties, at which he is so distinguished a character. Yours, &c.

That happiness which he so fondly anticipated on his return to Godwick, was damped in a great measure, even before his arrival, by the extreme difficulties to which his father's pecuniary affairs had reduced him and his family, an account of which reached Captain Hoste while yet he was at Malta. To relieve him instantly, at any sacrifice, was the first wish of his most dutiful and affectionate heart. But his means were not equal to his wish.

"You know, my dear father, I have ever been ready to assist you, and God knows ever shall be; but it is right also I should make you acquainted with my own affairs; and at the same time that I freely offer you the assistance you require, to state to you my present situation and future prospects."

All the prize money he had gained in his arduous services was very trifling in amount; yet that "all" he desired his agent to sell out

at any loss to supply whatever was required; at the same time writing to his father in a manner beautifully expressive of that sweet disposition which gained him as much love in private society, as his ardent spirit had gained him admiration in public life. He concluded,

"Do not build too much on the promises of the great, for, indeed, in these times, self so far predominates over all other feelings, that connexions and even friends are almost forgotten in the general eagerness for wealth and preferment. I think I could be happy at old Godwick with a little; and believe me, were duty put aside, no power on earth should make me go to sea again, for my health will not stand it.

"If, therefore, a peace should take place, or any thing prevents my serving again, what chance of comfort or happiness have I with the half-pay of a captain in the navy? The generosity of our Government to those who are dragging on a solitary existence, and are fighting the battles of their country, has left no recompense for old age or disease; and the prime of life, spent in the service, is not well repaid by poverty and neglect."

BOOK IV.

FROM 1811 TO 1814.

" Married to victory."

MASSINGER.

" Swift glides yon vessel o'er the sportive main,
Proud of her freight, exulting in her fame,—
And well she might,—for noble Hoste she bore,
Whose deeds outrival those in days of yore;
Amphion is her name. From Lissa's strand,
She longs to gain once more her native land;
To hear those praises she so well deserves,
To view that country she so nobly serves.
Hail, matchless frigate! to thy country dear;
Hail, valiant chief! proud Gallia's shame and fear:
And welcome, welcome, to thy country be,
Whose hopes, whose wishes, fondly dwell on thee."

BOOK IV.

FROM 1811 TO 1814.

APPOINTED TO THE BACCHANTE.—SAILS TO THE MEDITERRANEAN. —STATIONED IN THE ADRIATIC.—DISTRESSES THE ENEMY'S TRADE. —GUN-BOAT ACTIONS.—BLOCKADE OF CATTARO.—UNPARALLELED EXERTIONS OF HOSTE DURING THE SIEGE.—IT SURRENDERS TO HIM.—CAPTURE OF RAGUSA.—EXTREME ILL HEALTH.—FORCED TO RELINQUISH THE COMMAND OF THE BACCHANTE.—HAS LEAVE TO RETURN TO ENGLAND.

THE Amphion reached England in June, and on the arrival of Captain Hoste in London, and paying his first visit at the Admiralty, he was received (as might be expected from the able and elevated mind of the Hon. Charles Yorke, who then sat at the head of that Board) with warm congratulations on his splendid success. Every expression was used to assure him of the high confidence reposed in his activity, vigilance, and abilities. Such officers as he recommended were promoted, and for himself, he was request-

ed to name any frigate and station he might choose to select.

The Bacchante frigate, thirty-eight guns, and the Mediterranean station, he preferred, with the hope of afterwards being placed under the command of Rear-Admiral Freemantle, then commanding a squadron in the Adriatic, the well-known friend and companion of Nelson in some of his most brilliant actions. The late first lieutenant of the Amphion, Mr. Dunn, now promoted to the rank of Commander, was placed in the Bacchante with an acting order until she should be ready for sea.

Arrived at his native home, he was received, as may well be imagined, with high marks of distinction and favour: called upon by all his friends to give one short visit during the transient rest of a few months, which only he allowed himself.

In March he joined his ship at Portsmouth, again to leave his native land, and seek her glory in distant seas. Actuated, as he ever was, by love for his country and the noble desire of serving it; yet different circumstances had united in some measure to embitter his short

residence in England. Under circumstances the most deplorable, he was now called upon (even before he reached England), and fully acted up to the generous wish he had repeatedly expressed, to serve his father and family to the utmost of the abilities which fortune had placed at his command; and though unaided, since his early childhood, by any patrimonial affluence, yet could this exemplary individual unhesitatingly relinquish nearly the whole of that property which his own hard service alone had procured, and all which in a time of peace he could have looked to as a maintenance, for the purpose of affording to his parents and younger members of his family, not only the existence, but the comforts of a home. But while his splendid achievements will illumine the page of history, while his name will appear as one of her brightest and most unsullied gems, these acts of noble disinterestedness and exalted virtue which we have just recorded, are those which, though less sounded by the trumpet of fame, will be more deeply engraven in the heart of the philanthropist and the Christian. Nor could he feel that for his long and indefatigable activity

in pursuing the enemy, and his splendid achievements on meeting him, he had received the acknowledgement of a grateful Country;—but here we may well reply, "that the recompense which the Government thought fit to allot was the measure of their gratitude, though not of his services, and this was justly felt and expressed among his friends."

He had, however, again the happiness of taking with him his younger brother Edward, already frequently mentioned before; and in addition to his comfort, he was accompanied by his friend the Rev. William Yonge, as chaplain to his ship.

The Duke of Infantado was to be received on board, for the purpose of making his passage to Cadiz; and the length of delay, occasioned by waiting the arrival of his Highness, caused in the mind of one so anxious for real service to his Country, feelings of considerable impatience and regret.

The following letter of a friend of his, on board at the moment, marks the state of his mind under this unnecessary loss of time.

Bacchante, April, 1812.

MY DEAR FATHER,

The Duke of Infantado, I fear, will not come for some time; if he delays much longer, it will be the death of Hoste, he has already fretted himself into a bilious attack. I never met with any one who possessed such real love for active service, except Lord Nelson; there is great resemblance between them, which I dare say will increase every day.

This morning the whole ship's company were drawn up on the quarter deck; the day was beautiful, the crew, the finest set of young men I ever saw collected together on so small a spot. What a pride a man must take in commanding such a party! Hoste is in raptures with them. The more I see of Hoste, the more fortunate I consider my acquaintance with him. His good sense and judgment are equal to those of most men I know; his manners are particularly pleasing and cheerful. He has read a great deal; his taste leans to poetry; our best poets are familiar to him, and he repeats with facility their most striking passages.

In consequence of the men having received their pay, we are to drop down to St. Helens, as a greater security against their deserting, which they are apt to do, when they have money in their pockets, and nothing to lose by going.

Captain Hoste on being about to leave England addressed his mother.

TO MRS. HOSTE.

Portsmouth, May 31st, 1812.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

At last the duke is coming, and to-day I expect him. To-morrow then we shall sail, and once more I leave this dear old island, and many there are in it who are dear to me. I always feel low when I am actually on the point of sailing, and it is natural, I believe, to do so, for do what we will we cannot divest ourselves of *amor patriæ*. Not all the pomp of power or ambition of glory can make an affectionate heart forget the cheerful comfort and happiness of his own fireside; and you, my dearest best of mothers, will, I hope, think that though I may at times appear careless, and am led away by trifling things, yet

it is never to the injury of any individual, and that towards you and my family I have ever been affectionate. Ah! if not to you, to whom should I be so? and if not sincere to the best of mothers, where can sincerity be found? Give my best love to my father; I rejoice with him that there is a prospect of having hands at the helm whom we may place some confidence in; and at any rate, we have the consolation of knowing that things cannot go worse than they have done. I hope they will do something for him now; for one of the family they might, for more than one of them have risked their all for the good of the country. I see they are making knights by the gross, and I am repeatedly asked by my brother officers, if they do not make me something or other. I would rather they should wonder that I am not made a baronet than that I was. Give my kindest love to all, and wishing you health and happiness, my dearest mother, believe me to be, your affectionate and dutiful son,

W. Hoste.

On the 2nd the Duke of Infantado arrived.

The following quotations are from a valuable manuscript journal in the form of letters, made by an intimate friend of Captain Hoste while on board the Bacchante, and kindly offered for the advantage of the present publication.

Bacchante, Cadiz, June 13th, 1812.

We quitted Spithead on the 3rd, but contrary winds prevented our making much progress that day, and owing to calms, we did not reach Cadiz, as we expected, on the evening of the 12th. About sunset of that day we heard a very heavy and incessant fire directly ahead of us. At first, it was supposed that the French fleet had escaped from Toulon, and that it was a general action. You may suppose how heartily we prayed for a fresher breeze to spring up; but in a short time we perceived some shells burst in the air, which convinced us that it proceeded from the French bombarding Cadiz, though we were at that time forty miles distant.

We had the satisfaction of learning to-day that no other damage had been done than the killing an old woman. Several shells fell into

the streets, but many of them did not burst, owing to the great quantity of lead with which they are lined to make them fly so far.

We anchored in Cadiz Bay about ten o'clock this morning, and by twelve our Spanish friends had left us. The duke has given very general satisfaction by his easy and good-natured manners. He sent three hundred dollars on board as a present to the ship's company, but they were returned, as it is not usual to accept such gifts; besides, we understand that the money is sent with a view that the officers should pocket it, such being the Spanish custom on those occasions. The duke was saluted by us and by the admiral, but his own countrymen took no public notice of him whatever."

Bacchante, Port Mahon, July 2nd, 1812.

We arrived here yesterday morning. Admiral Hallowell is here with a few line-of-battle ships and a large fleet of transports, with a brigade of troops on board. They are said to be destined as part of an expedition against Barcelona. Four thousand more men are expected from Sicily every hour. It is not impossible that the

Bacchante may also be attached to the expedition.

About five in the afternoon of yesterday a signal was made from a hill near the town, of two ships being engaged about seven leagues off. In a quarter of an hour our signal was made to weigh. Hoste, who was dining with the admiral, returned to us very soon, and in five minutes after we were under sail. I never saw a more animated scene. The men at the capstan fairly ran the anchor up at a trot; all was alacrity and eagerness; and Hoste was delighted with this appearance of spirit in his crew. The omen was good, though we did not find the vessels supposed to be fighting. We stood on, however, till midnight, when we came up with a Spaniard, who told us that he had seen the two vessels firing for a short time, but they soon ceased, and sailed on together. We did not understand it, but as he described them as being a great way off, it would have been useless to have proceeded any farther, so we turned about for Mahon again.

At daybreak, however, we fell in with these vessels, and they proved to be two transports, who had been exercising their guns to clean

them. We sail this afternoon for the Commander-in-chief, off Toulon.

TO MRS. HOSTE.

Bacchante, at Sea, July 7th, 1812.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Well, at length I have joined the fleet. I have seen the Commander-in-chief, and am ordered upon service, but when or where I am going, is a mystery to me, I assure you. My officers say we are going to the coast of Spain; others, we are going to the Adriatic; and I believe myself we are ultimately intended for the Adriatic, but previously to take a cruise off the coast of Italy. I am now on my way to Minorca, where I shall receive farther orders from the admiral there. I hope ere this you have received my letters from Gibraltar, and that they will find all at home as well as when I left them. I expect a long letter from you by the first conveyance, and not a little anxious to hear how all is arranged at the head of affairs, whether the late ministry have been succeeded by the Greys, the Grenvilles, or the Wellesleys.

I was received by the chief most graciously.

He said everything that could satisfy a man's wishes or his vanity. He said, "Is that ribbon all they intend doing for you? They ought at least to make you a baronet."—I said, I would rather he should wonder why I was not one, than why I was; and his open manner very much pleased me. He says the Adriatic is my birthright, and I shall be sent there, but not immediately. We have a very fine fleet in admirable order off Toulon, and I wish them nothing better than a speedy sight of the Frenchman. With such a chief, and such ships and men, the Lord have mercy on the monsieurs!

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Bacchante, Malta, July 31st, 1812.

We sailed, as was intended, in search of Admiral Hallowell, whom we found at Mahon, and he gave Hoste the choice of the coast of Italy, or to go immediately to his old station in the Adriatic: he has preferred the latter, and we went to Palermo on our way thither, which we left on the night of the 22nd.

About five in the evening of the 23rd, we observed a strange, suspicious-looking vessel

boarding a merchantman. The wind towards night becoming very fresh, we sailed in chase, and at eleven we came up with the merchantman, which proved to be a brig from Liverpool bound to Palermo. She had been taken by the other vessel, the French privateer Victoire, who abandoned his prize upon our coming in sight, and sheered off. As soon as we had ascertained the safety of the brig, we sailed in chase of the privateer, which we could perceive at a considerable distance. She had stretched away directly before the wind, which was now blowing very fresh. This point of sailing giving great advantage to a vessel with only one mast, rendered the chase a very long one, and we did not come up with him till three in the morning. As soon as we were within gun-shot, we fired at him, but to no purpose till upon our getting nearer, and the shot falling thick about him, he gave in, and we took possession. If he had not been a bungler, he might have escaped to an island close to us. The vessel was very small, mounting only three guns, and having on board thirty men.

Lissa, August 19th, 1812.

We sailed from Malta on the 1st of August; on the 5th we passed Corfu, and entered the Adriatic; on the 9th Lissa was in sight, and the next morning we passed over the spot of Hoste's action and triumph. He pointed out to me the place where the French commodore went on shore and blew up: many of her guns are still to be seen scattered about on the rocks. We anchored the same evening there.

The island is to be fortified by us, owing to the suggestions of Hoste to that effect. A small island that defends the entrance has been named after him. The batteries are almost finished, and there is already a garrison of eight hundred men. The harbour can contain ten sail of the line, and is of course an excellent rendezvous for our cruisers and prizes, as it will be necessary to keep a squadron of line-of-battle ships here as long as the French can muster any force in Venice, where they have at present two seventy-fours ready for sea, and four or five others about to be launched.

The town of Lissa is certainly a most miserable hole, small, confined, and dirty. Many of

the inhabitants came off to see Hoste, appeared delighted at his return, and said they felt themselves quite secure again now he was come back, though there was a seventy-four in the harbour at the time. They told us too that our cruisers had made but little prize-money, though there was plenty to be done if they knew how to set about it; I trust we shall show them the way before long. We left Lissa at daybreak this morning, and are standing over for the coast of Italy. We have the whole of the Adriatic for a cruise till the 10th of September. This is a handsome compliment of the admiral to Hoste, and he is also a very pleasant man as a companion, and promises well.

The enemy's ships of war now confined themselves entirely within their ports, and generally were protected by strong batteries, never even making an effort to secure that coasting trade which it was necessary to carry on for the supply of the numerous troops then in garrison along the shores of the Adriatic. Captain Hoste well knew the surest method to intercept this trade, and finding the ships of war unwilling to run

any risk by an engagement, he employed his boats in effectually destroying all that came in their reach.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

At anchor, Milada, Sept. 7th, 1812.

On the evening of the 31st of August, we sent off four large boats and one small one, under the command of the first lieutenant, Mr. O'Brien, to proceed to a small town situated near Rovigno, where we had received intelligence that several vessels, laden with timber, were lying. The ship was at this time eight or ten miles from the mouth of the river, lying-to behind a small island, on purpose to be out of sight. About midnight we sailed after the boats, and arrived off the river by daybreak, and were not a little pleased to see seven or eight sail of vessels standing towards us under convoy of our boats. They had reached the mouth of the river about one o'clock in the morning, where, having captured two vessels, they learned that the gun-boats and xebec which protected the convoy lying there, were seven miles higher up.

Notwithstanding the inferiority of his force, and the danger of penetrating so far into the country, Mr. O'Brien determined to attack them, which he did in the most gallant style. As soon as the boats arrived alongside the enemy, our men poured in a volley of musketry, gave three cheers, and immediately boarded. The enemy roused from their slumbers by this unexpected salute, jumped overboard, and left the vessels to our men. It was fortunate that they were not aware of our intentions, and had not a man on the look-out, for their guns were loaded and primed, and wanted nothing but the match to have poured in a very destructive fire, as it must have proved to open boats. As it happened, not a man of ours was hurt, though it was supposed that several of the enemy were shot in their endeavour to escape.

We consider this a very gallant affair, and O'Brien will probably be promoted in consequence of it. He would have been in an awkward situation last Tuesday, if the enemy had been at all prepared, for the river is entirely commanded by heights on the banks, upon which

soldiers could have been concealed, and in perfect security picked off our men as they passed under them.

I think altogether we made a good morning's sport, for it was the 1st of September; but we obtained more glory than any thing else, for the vessels in this country are extremely small, and when laden are not worth much; but there are plenty of them, and quantity, in time, will compensate the want of quality. From this circumstance we are always in chase, which renders the cruising very interesting.

We filled the two larger prizes with the contents of the smaller ones, which we burned. The ship also took one, on her way to the river, which was laden with vinegar. Owing to bad weather we were obliged to sink the gun-boats, which having no decks will not live in stormy weather. We regret this only as depriving us of part of our triumph on our return to Lissa, where they had told us there was nothing to be taken.

We have still our armed xebec, the two large trabacculos, and a brig, which we detained for having violated the terms of her licence.

The xebec being decked, well armed, and a good sailer, we put twenty men on board, and sent her, under the command of Mr. Powell, one of our midshipmen, to cruize about the small islands, which are in great numbers in the Gulf of Fiume. Hoste's idea was, that vessels who were not aware of her capture by us, and still thinking her to be a friend, would not attempt to run away, and so become an easy prize.

Powell rejoined us on the 3rd; the evening before he fell in with a convoy under the protection of three gun-boats; he immediately hoisted French colours, which induced one of the gun-boats to approach him, though the rest kept at a distance. As soon as the Frenchman was within shot, Powell hauled down the tricoloured flag, hoisted English colours, and commenced an action, which lasted about ten minutes, when the enemy struck, but he was so near the shore, where some troops were drawn up to protect him, that Powell could not take possession of him. He then sent about a dozen of his men on shore under the command of a midshipman, named Dobson, who getting in the rear of the troops, fired a volley and prepared to charge,

but the enemy did not wait, scampering off as fast as they could go, and leaving their arms behind them, of which our lads picked up thirty-five muskets. Powell in the mean time continued to fire upon the gun-boat till she sunk. The rest of the convoy escaped into port during the action. Hoste is extremely pleased with this affair, and means to recommend Powell very strongly to the Commander-in-chief. The xebec which we christened the Amphion, was sent to Lissa, where we shall be on the 10th.

The Bacchante anchored at Lissa on the 11th of September, with proofs that she had found something to do. But the assistance of the highly-distinguished commander of the station is needed, at this period of our narrative, to do full justice to the conduct of Captain Hoste during his last cruise in the Adriatic; for could the purified spirit of the departed now be called down to animate the pen, how brightly would his candour acknowledge the extensive and enlightened views of service thrown upon his mind by this young and enterprising officer, the promptitude with which his orders and counter-

orders were obeyed, and the vigilance with which he watched over the most unprofitable and inglorious station given him in the Adriatic. He would gratefully recount the labours by which the ever successful Bacchante showered honours on his name, and the laurels with which her active captain loaded his brows, while lying in command in the harbour of Lissa. To replace the want of this advantage we have, unfortunately, no document to show the high esteem and respect with which he must have regarded the indefatigable labours of the subject of these pages.

Captain Hoste, ever zealous for the good of his country, could not but feel that the squadron now placed in the Adriatic sea was placed there with the intent, and possessing the power, to do far more than seemed then to be doing.

The preceding pages have shown how fully justified he was in the opinion, that a finer ship's company could nowhere be boasted of than his own; and such was their confidence in their leader, that he felt, as himself expressed it, that they would do any thing for him. His own intimate acquaintance with the navigation

of every part of those seas, his knowledge of the nature of the country, as well as the force to be encountered upon its coasts, placed it in his power to judge the extent of his own abilities in any enterprise that might be contemplated; and on his return to Lissa, he requested of the admiral the assistance of two hundred men, and the whole of Dalmatia should be subdued by himself. But so extensive a plan of operations as that had never been contemplated even for the whole squadron, it was not therefore likely that the glory attendant on its success should be given up to one frigate, and that the very one which was able in one month's cruise to show that something might be done more than had been observed for many months previously. That he was required for other service, was the only answer he received. The hope, therefore, for the present of being of that service which his country demanded of him, was baffled; and Captain Hoste was ordered to the blockading squadron of Venice, a service which, from its inactivity and the air blowing from that marshy country, was calculated to depress the spirit and injure the health of one, whose former

distinction had given him a claim to the confidence of his Commander-in-chief, in whatever service he might have requested to be employed.

TO THE REV. DIXON HOSTE.

Bacchante, Lissa, Sept. 12, 1812.

MY DEAR FATHER,

We arrived here after a three weeks' cruise, and have been pretty fortunate. You will perceive by the Gazette, that our usual good luck has attended us. We have captured one quarter galley and three gun boats without the loss of a man, and taken several small vessels under their convoy.

This place, notwithstanding our success, I find much altered in the prize way, and I regret now having accepted the station; but I fear there is no alternative, and I must remain playing the third fiddle, which I do not by any means enjoy. The enemy are getting strong in this quarter, and require another example or two to be made of them, which I hope they will give us an opportunity of doing. Admiral Freemantle is here, and commands in the Adriatic; he has three sail

of the line under his orders, and six or seven frigates.

I have not had a line from England since I left it, and of course I am anxious to hear of you. I hope sincerely, all are well and happy. Dear little Edward was again in one of the boats, and came out prize-master of one of the gun-boats. I think if ever a midshipman deserved his commission as lieutenant, for putting himself in the way of shot, my young friend richly deserves his. Yonge is quite well, and is really a treasure to me; I hardly know how I should get on without him. I suppose I shall not remain here long, indeed I hope not; I want two or three good hunters by this time two years, for home I will go, by September the 1st 1814, if I live, which my health at present promises for a much longer spell.

Having sailed from the Island of Lissa on the 17th, the wind proved unfavourable for the course to Venice, and stretching over to the coast of Apulia to watch the trade, on the 18th at daylight, the Bacchante observed an enemy's convoy between the islands of Tremiti and Vasto, standing along shore to the north-west. Baffling winds,

and calm weather, preventing the frigate from closing, Captain Hoste detached six of his boats, containing seventy-two officers and men, to endeavour to intercept them.

Perceiving the approaching attack, the eighteen merchant vessels anchored in line, and hauled themselves a-ground, leaving outside for protection eight armed vessels, each mounting one long twelve-pounder, three of them with three swivels each, and sixteen men, the remainder with twelve men: two vessels were anchored in their front, and three at each extremity of the line. The crews of the merchant vessels having disembarked, lined a thick wood, well adapted for bush-fighting, and completely commanding the coast.

In this situation the convoy and vessels of war confidently awaited the British boats, whose men and officers pushing through a heavy fire of grape and musketry, carried all before them, boarding and driving the crews from their vessels in every direction, while the marines landing, forced them from their position in the wood, and secured the possession of this valuable convoy as well as the armed vessels protecting it,

to the brave men who attacked them, and by whom this service was achieved with so trifling a loss on their part, as two seamen wounded and who shortly after recovered.* The words of Captain Hoste's letter on this occasion speak the warmth of his feelings when witnessing the admirable conduct of those under his command. "The boats were led to the attack by Lieutenant O'Brien, with his accustomed gallantry, and I want words, Sir, to convey to you my admiration of the determined manner in which this service was performed." A further account of the labours attending this very enterprising affair is given in the Journal, where having detailed the circumstances of the attack the writer proceeds to say, "The marines being landed, soon cleared the coast, and left us at liberty to secure the prizes, which proved a much more difficult task than to take them. This will not surprise

* List of vessels captured by the boats of his Majesty's ship Bacchante, between Tremiti and Vasto, on the coast of Apulia, on the 18th of September, 1812.—André Rojuiny, of one twelve-pounder, three swivels, and sixteen men.—Vincenzo del Mondo, of one twelve-pounder, three swivels, and sixteen men.—Nicolo Pascolicio, of one twelve-pounder, and sixteen men.—Six vessels, names unknown, each one twelve-pounder, and twelve men; and a convoy of eighteen vessels laden with oil and almonds, &c. &c.

you, perhaps, when you learn that there were twenty-eight in the whole, some of which were scuttled, others fast on shore, and all the sails were to be brought back again, and fitted to the yards.

It was well that our party had the whole day before them, and it was near four in the afternoon before they got off the last that could be moved. Two only of the whole were left behind; one had upset, the other was burned. Twenty-six vessels, sixteen laden with oil, (the most valuable cargo of the country,) the rest with salt, were the fruits of this victory. This is the most complete business of the kind that has taken place in the Adriatic. I assure you, it was a proud and gratifying sight to see the Bacchante surrounded by her little fleet of prizes, and not the less so, that we had been told there was nothing to be done.

Eleven of the oil vessels were manned and sent off to Lissa; the salt vessels were sunk for want of men; the rest we took in tow. The day was beautiful, the wind fair, and every thing seemed to smile upon us; but in a few hours this fair prospect was sadly reversed. A violent

gale of wind came on in the night, which cost us one of the vessels in tow, and another which had been sent off under Mr. Rous; both upset, but no one was lost. Mr. Rous and his crew were picked up by a sister prize, after having been three hours clinging to the wreck, except one man, who could not be persuaded to trust himself to a rope, and the weather was too boisterous to allow of any other assistance being offered. It was very fortunate that these trabacculos were laden with oil, which buoyed them up like corks, or they must have been lost.

It was about seven on the morning of the 19th, when we fell in with the trabacculo that had picked up Mr. Rous; and we immediately cut adrift the prizes in tow, and proceeded to look for the wreck on which the man was left. We sought without success till twelve o'clock, when, giving it up as a hopeless case, we returned to the spot where we expected to find our prizes again, and close to them we fell in with the wreck, and the man still clinging to it. He had been in that situation for twelve hours, and you may conceive, better than I can describe, his joy at finding himself safe on board again. He said

that he had been very near the ship for six hours, without being able to attract our notice, and at last had given himself up for lost: he had fortunately lashed himself on, or he never could have kept his hold so long.

I wish our disasters had ended here: but at sunset the gale increased with tenfold violence, which obliged us once more to part with our prizes, and we saw them no more. The gale continued all the next day with nearly the same fury. We endeavoured in vain to make head against it; Lissa was our object, notwithstanding our orders for Venice, to get our men again from the prizes.

On the 23rd, we anchored at St. George's. Only four of our prizes had arrived before us, but, excepting two, they all came in the next day. Some of them had quite suffered adventures. One lived for two days on raw salt-beef. Another party were two days without water; but they discovered an excellent remedy against thirst, by dipping their biscuit in the oil they had on board, which was sweet, and till they began to drink water had felt no inconvenience

from the want of it, but then they could not drink enough.

Hoste and I passed the morning of our arrival upon the hills, looking out for our lost sheep. During our perambulations, we paid a visit to a chapel, which is celebrated for its Madonna, who has wrought more miracles than I have inclination to relate, or you to read. The padre, whom we had aroused from his noontide slumbers to show us the lions, gave us a prodigious long string of marvels, to most of which he had been an eye-witness. One of the miracles I think I have mentioned to you already, that of the sympathy evinced by the image, and the interest it evidently took in the success of Hoste's action. The lady was sometimes pale, sometimes red, as the tide of victory appeared to ebb or flow; so at least said the padre, and with the utmost seriousness, though he did not know that he was talking to Hoste: had he been aware of it, perhaps we should have been treated with a miracle. I do not see why the image should have shown any fears about the matter; a personage endued with such powers, ought, I think, to have foreseen the issue.

During our absence from the ship, a most distressing accident happened on board. A son of Lord Anson, a very fine boy, was playing on the deck of a small vessel, which lay alongside us for the purpose of receiving the casks of oil we had taken out of the wreck of a trabacculo, when one of the main deck guns close to him, by some unaccountable means, went off, and killed him on the spot. The ball fortunately did no other mischief, though several were near him, and it only just missed the admiral's ship, which was not fifty yards from us.

The extreme distress felt by Captain Hoste on this unlooked-for event is best traced in his own letter to his father, inclosing one for Lord Anson on the same painful subject.

Bacchante, Lissa, September 24th, 1812.

MY DEAR FATHER,

A most sad accident happened on board yesterday, which I must beg you to break to the friends of poor little Anson, and afterwards deliver the accompanying letter, as you may think best. I had but just anchored here yesterday

morning, after a successful cruise, and had got a merchantman alongside, into which I was putting a cargo that we had captured, when the boys got into her, and were playing about. Poor Anson was amongst them, when, by some unaccountable accident, one of our main deck guns went off, and the poor boy was killed. I was on board the admiral at the time, and you may conceive, but I cannot describe, the general horror such an event has occasioned; indeed it is quite shocking, and I have hardly ever felt so much. Poor lad! he was universally beloved, good-tempered, obliging, and the most innocent-hearted creature that ever lived. Had he been my own son I could not have been more attached, and from his own merit, as well as for the sake of his family, I was more than commonly interested in all that concerned him. It was one of those sort of accidents that no human prudence could guard against, and though I deeply, with all who knew him, must ever regret his loss, yet it is not in my power to attach blame anywhere. The gun had not been primed, and no one was near it at the time; what occasioned its going off I am at a loss to ascertain.

Poor Lady Anson! how much I feel for her. His writing-desk, and everything of any consequence, shall be taken care of by me. I am quite low, as you may suppose, and have nothing to say that can make up for this sad news. We continue our usual success, and except this melancholy affair, have been uncommonly fortunate. Yours, &c.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Lissa, November 3rd, 1812.

We sailed from Lissa the 25th of September, and we have passed a most tiresome month in the blockade of Venice. Unable from contrary winds to reach Venice, we chased a trabacculo into a bay on the coast of Istrea, where she anchored. Four or five hundred soldiers came from a neighbouring town to defend it, and lined the bushes for that purpose, which were very thick, and grew down to the water's edge.

This being a good opportunity to exercise our men at the great guns, and try their skill as marksmen, Hoste anchored the ship, and prepared to start these men from their hiding-places, whilst the boats went in under cover of

the ship, to board the vessels. The first shot caused most of them to fly, and those who had courage to remain did not do so much longer. A few rounds dislodged them all, though we had nothing but the smoke of their muskets to direct us to the bush that concealed them. It was ridiculous enough to see them scampering off in all directions. Not a man of ours was touched, and they brought off the prize in triumph, though she did not prove worth much, being only laden with firewood. We served a second the same day in a similar manner.

On the 14th October we succeeded in reconnoitring Venice. They had two line-of-battle ships and a frigate ready for sea, and their ships seem better prepared than inclined to come out. At our approach the coast was swarming with vessels of different descriptions, but we could not prevent their getting into port, though there were upwards of an hundred. The commodore having observed an additional seventy-four in Venice, ready for sea, sent us to give information of it to the admiral, which is the cause of our being here. I am sorry to say we have ascertained the loss of our two missing prizes.

They were wrecked on the coast of Italy, and their crews made prisoners. There yet remains a possibility of getting them exchanged.

Yours, &c.

At this time a list of new baronets was about to be made out, selected, as it was evident, from some whose merit, and others whose interest, gave the then existing administration a plea for creating them such. The sanguine hopes and affection of a father led Mr. Hoste to credit the report that his son would then obtain that rank which more than most, and as much as any one, he was entitled to receive. It cannot then be wondered at, that he should impart to his son his warm expectations on the occasion. The following was the answer written on the receipt of his letter.

TO THE REV. DIXON HOSTE.

Bacchante, Lissa, November 22nd, 1812.

MY DEAR FATHER,

A most welcome packet from you reached me on my arrival here. After another month's cruise off Venice, we have taken off from the

shore of Istrea a considerable quantity of ship timber, which is very valuable, and much wanted in our arsenal at Malta, and I brought it down here in the Bacchante.

I think you are too sanguine about the title you say Government intends to confer upon me. I cannot believe it, and think they would not have waited so long, had it been intended to do anything for me beyond the medal. I cannot deny that I should feel gratified at the honour being conferred, and though I have hitherto not expressed openly any disappointment, I confess, that when I left England I could not but feel hurt and neglected, therefore, if it is given me, I shall be glad for many reasons. It will not have been gained at the expense of my principles, or to the injury of a fellow-creature; and though our family wants nothing to make it more honourable or antient, yet I shall feel a noble pride in the reflection that I have added to the arms the insignia of the baronetcy. I am aware that it will neither make me a better or a richer man, but it will be gratifying to me so far, as it holds forth to my brother officers a stimulus to active exertion in the service of our Country, and will implant an

idea that the Prince Regent is not totally neglectful of the merits of naval officers.

Pray, when you write always mention Mr. Yonge's family; how they are. I assure you I am under great obligations to the Yonge who is with me; he is a very exemplary character, and worthy of all the friendship and attention I can show him. He is fit for an admiral. He has intelligence and fire enough for a Nelson, though I do not mean to say but that he makes an excellent divine; indeed, no man can act more correctly, and he is universally beloved by all.

TO MRS. HOSTE.

Bacchante, Lissa, Nov. 29th, 1812.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I have been joined to-day by a frigate from Mahon, the Havannah: she brings no letters, though only nine days from Malta. We have little to do in this part of the world, nothing stirring; and from being the most active station, it is now become the most dilatory, and I should not be sorry to be out of it. Had I remained in England, I think I should have done better, particularly as the American war has

begun. What think you of an American frigate taking one of our's single-handed? I don't like it; I feel for the captain of the Guerrier. I knew a little of him at Portsmouth. Poor young man! I wonder what they will *do for him;* they do so much for those who are *fortunate* in our line, that for those who are unfortunate they must have something bad indeed. Let the country look to it; and let there be some encouragement for naval officers to maintain and support that high character, which by their bravery and conduct they have obtained; do not allow them to suppose they are a neglected set of men, while their treatment has too much led to that idea lately. Yours, &c.

Rear-Admiral Freemantle sailed at the end of the month for Venice in company with the Havannah, instead of the Bacchante, which was ordered, and on the 20th of December sailed, to take command of the blockading squadron off Corfu, consisting then of the Cerberus, Captain Chamberlin, and Weasel, Captain Black. The station was one of somewhat more interest than that of Venice, offering a greater opportunity

both for activity and usefulness. There was an expectation at that time, that two frigates and two store ships would arrive from Toulon, laden with supplies for the garrison of Corfu, consisting of seven thousand men: an attempt which had annually succeeded, by steering direct from Toulon to the coast of Barbary, there waiting a southerly gale and running for Corfu, making the island in the night. At this time, however, they did not make their appearance.

From heavy gales, the Bacchante found it necessary to anchor in Valona Bay. The whole of the province of Albania, though part of the Sultan's dominions, was under the immediate control of the Viceroy Ali Pacha, who had assumed a sovereign power over that district, and guaranteed it as neutral ground; thus enabling the British ships to obtain water and provisions, as well as shelter.

To the south-east of Cape Otranto at daybreak the 6th of January, Captain Hoste discovered a division of the enemy's flotilla close to him, and steering for the coast of Italy. Unable to pursue them in the frigate owing to a calm, and the enemy having separated, the boats of

the Bacchante were detached to take one division steering to the south-west, whilst those of the Weasel, with another from the Bacchante, were directed to pursue the other, (then making every effort to reach Fano,) and the Weasel to support her boats, while the Bacchante followed those that had been detached from her.

At eight A. M. the barge in which was the commanding lieutenant, as foremost boat, captured the sternmost gun-boat of the south-west division, mounting two guns and thirty-six men, which having left to be taken possession of by the first gig, he pushed on to attack, and captured the two retreating boats. Those steering towards Fano were also captured, and the whole without the loss of a man.

Captain Hoste concludes his official letter by stating that the enemy had quitted Corfu the evening before, and were bound to Otranto, to convey money for the payment of the troops on that island. They were very fine vessels, sailing and rowing remarkably fast; their guns fitted to turn on a pivot, and might be fired in any direction without altering the course, which enabled them to keep up a very smart fire as the attack-

ing boats approached. It being the only force of that description which the enemy had at Corfu, the capture of them was of considerable annoyance to the island.

Having bore up for Valona Bay, to put the prizes in order, the Bacchante sailed the 8th for Zante ; and on the 9th, off Fano, chased and captured a valuable convoy, consisting of five trabacculos richly laden with corn, wine, and brandy for Corfu, the first that had been taken during twelve months. The badness of the weather obliged Captain Hoste again to anchor and to destroy two of the captured gun-boats, whilst one was already missing.

Two French officers were immediately sent to Corfu on their parole, in the hope of getting exchanged for themselves the two midshipmen wrecked in the oil vessels after their capture in September. The General Bordè, then commanding the French garrison at Corfu, came off for the purpose of negotiating an exchange of prisoners, but having then no British prisoners under confinement, and those taken in the French gun-boats being well calculated to man another flotilla, Captain Hoste declined making

any arrangement; the proof was however given, how great a loss they had suffered by the late capture.

TO MRS. HOSTE.

Bacchante, off Corfu, Jan. 13th, 1813.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

By the Weasel, which joined me a few days ago, I had the pleasure of getting a large packet of letters from all the good people at Godwick, where I think happiness and contentment have taken up their abode; may it long remain in the same state, and may every wish of your heart, my dearest mother, be completely fulfilled!

I am now *(pro tempore)* cruising off Corfu, whilst another frigate is repairing at Lissa, and then I return to Admiral Freemantle. You must know I am rather in a state of *alarm* at this moment. By letters I have had from several of my brother captains off Toulon, I find that, being the senior officer of the frigates on this station, I am likely to be removed into a ship of the line on the first vacancy that happens, and I know the Commander-in-chief, in conversation the other

day with a friend of mine, regretted the probability of my soon taking the command of one, as one of the captains of the line was going to be invalided. My friend wrote me word of this. It is a terrible stroke, and one that I do not at all like.

I do not think at this moment my health is equal to the command of a ship of the line; do not suppose that I am ill, but I feel the effects of nineteen years of hot climate, and my own surgeon has recommended me very strongly, provided I quit the Bacchante, to return to England. This I am determined to do, and I have written to the chief to say that my health will not permit me to take a line-of-battle ship, and that I request permission to return to England, if I am superseded from the Bacchante, which I have understood to be on the *tapis*.

I confess I should feel much annoyed to leave this ship; she has every good quality, and both officers and men are all I could wish them; but go home I will if I do quit her, and perhaps I may not serve again for some time. I do not know what inducement or what encouragement is given for officers to sacrifice their health and

happiness for a set of people who neglect them whenever their endeavours are successful. I am sure I have met with so little encouragement in my duty, that, provided I could gain an independence, I do not think I would ever go to sea again; but there is an end of it, and there is no advantage in saying more.

I have been very fortunate lately, and, a few days ago, captured five French gun-boats, without any loss; the next day we took part of a very rich convoy, and if I get them in safe, shall have made something handsome. Dear Edward commanded one of the boats in the attack on the gun-boats, and is admired by all for his spirit and bravery. He is now in one of the prizes which I am convoying to Cephalonia.

The total of baronets is come out, I see, and I am not included. I never expected it, though you were all so sanguine at home. You let your good wishes for my welfare carry you a little too far; but I never allowed myself to believe it. I am heartily glad Brenton is made a baronet; he richly deserves it. All my friends express their astonishment that I am not included. I wish the question were made public; nothing would

give me more satisfaction than to hear the reasons given for not recompensing me by some mark of distinction for my conduct on the 13th of March. It is allowed by all my brother officers to stand as an action of the most brilliant nature, and all tell me, the first of the kind. Does it not look like some concealed story? some mystery, that prevents my being rewarded? and might not my enemies spread reports that there are reasons which cannot be public why I am not noticed?

God bless you, my dear mother. I think it is probable ere long I shall be with you.

At ten o'clock P.M. of the 13th of February, the Bacchante captured the Vigilante, French courier gun-boat from Corfu, bound to Otranto, having despatches on board for the French Government, which were thrown overboard during the chase. The vessel had on board as passenger to Otranto, the General of artillery Bordè, and his staff, who, it was found by intercepted letters, was going to take the command at Verona.

At two o'clock on the following morning, Otranto bearing west ten miles, a strange sail

was seen sweeping and steering for Otranto. She was immediately chased, and on its falling light airs, Captain Hoste detached four boats, under Lieutenant Hood. After pouring in a destructive fire of round-shot and musketry, she was captured in a most gallant style by Lieutenant Hood, who boarded and carried her in his own boat before the others could come up. The British escaped unhurt, which was to be attributed to the prompt measures decided upon by the commanding officer, and the gallantry of his crew.

The Alcinous, with one twenty-four-pounder carronade in her bow, one eighteen-pounder in her stern, and thirty-two men, had sailed from Corfu in company with eight trading vessels, the whole of which were immediately taken by the Bacchante. "The only person hurt on the British side was Lieutenant Hood, who received a severe contusion on the loins by a fall; so severe indeed, that eventually this gallant young officer became deprived of the use of both his legs."

Placed in the temporary command of the blockading squadron off Corfu, the vigilance of Captain Hoste again called him to observe the

evils attending the state of the trade in the Adriatic; and ever anxious to remove all that impeded the advantages of the British merchant, he addressed the following letter to Sir Edward Pellew:

TO VICE-ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD PELLEW, BART.

Bacchante, off Corfu, Feb. 21st, 1813.

SIR,

I am induced by several circumstances that have occurred on this station during the short time I have commanded it, to lay before you a few remarks on the subject of the blockade of Corfu, which from the numerous vessels navigating from Malta, under British licences, to the Adriatic, from the vicinity of a neutral power to the blockaded port, and above all, from the free trade that is carried on along the coast of Italy, from Tarentum as far as Manfredonia, makes it little more than a nominal one, and throws so many impediments in the way of the officer who has charge of the blockade, that it becomes next to an impossibility for him to do his duty. I will only mention one among the many instances that daily occur of the facility with which the

island receives supplies from vessels navigating under the Greek flag to the enemy's port. A vessel sails from Corfu, with a cargo of oil or other goods, for Ancona, or some part of Italy in the Adriatic. The merchant previous to his sailing, or even lading, gets regular false papers from Pelias, Prevesa, or some port on the Albanian coast, which he has no difficulty in doing, specifying that he is to return with a cargo of grain or flour. Away he goes, and the next day meets a British cruiser, one of the British squadron, by whom he is examined, appears to be a regular Greek from Prevesa to Ancona; his papers are correct, and he is suffered to proceed, none of the Italian ports from Otranto to Ancona being blockaded, and no apparent cause for detention. He then goes to Ancona, or perhaps to a better market, and takes in a cargo of grain at Barletta in Apulia, the granary of that part of Italy, and sails for Corfu; if he is again met by a cruiser, he is returning to Prevesa, which he may apparently be steering for without altering his original course for Corfu; and immediately he is out of your reach goes direct for Port Timone, on the

west side of the island, if the wind will allow him, or to the port of Corfu itself.

This, Sir, is not a story made for the occasion, but actually happened very lately in two instances, both to Captain Tritton of the Kingfisher, and to myself. The only method of discovering the deviation from his voyage would be by his log, but this is a thing the Greeks never have, and if they had we could not read it.

The next thing I will touch on shall be the licensed traders from Malta to ports in the Adriatic and to Corfu, by whom, whether from the favourable treatment they have received from the Vice-Admiralty Court, whether from the fears captains may have of implicating themselves in pecuniary difficulties by detention or other circumstances, a most iniquitous trade is now carried on. You will naturally ask, Sir, how I can prove this? And I now assure you, that I have it in writing from a respectable merchant at Malta. I can prove from good authority that public notices are placed in the exchange, desiring persons having bills of lading for goods shipped on board a licensed vessel from the Adriatic to apply to the consignee of

the ship. There are the most indubitable proofs that British licences are renewed at Malta, by which vessels go backwards and forwards to Corfu, that they are publicly sold at Venice by a merchant of the name of Premuda, whose son resides at Malta, and who obtains and forwards to his father as many as he wants. They have even gone so far as to make both written and personal applications to individuals at Malta, and to the committee of merchants there, to know what commission should be charged, or rather what established recompense they ought to receive for thus assisting in forwarding these illegal licences, and I hear also that representations on this subject have been made at the licence office at Malta. I am not in the least surprised at it, for I know that two thirds of the merchants that trade in the Adriatic are Venetians, Trieste, or Fiume people, who at the conclusion of the late war with Austria and France emigrated from the former territory to Malta, leaving one of the firm of each of their houses in the enemy's ports; and these are the people who are now carrying on such iniquitous trade by the

licences. I call it iniquitous, for to whom does it do good but to our enemies?

The cargoes they bring from Malta, are not, to my certain knowledge, either British merchandise or colonial produce, two-thirds of which they ought to be, unless the order relative to Adriatic trade, dated in 1810, is done away with;—no, it is almost all salt, a considerable source of revenue to the French government. And what do they bring back? Not hemp, or spars, or iron, or articles that may be required for the service of the British government, or for the benefit of British merchants. No, but articles that considerably hurt the English market, such as linens, German cutlery, glass, and toys, now and then a few plank and spars; but the vessels I have boarded from Venice, Trieste, &c. have generally the former cargoes in, or in ballast. Can the English merchant be benefited by this trade? Does it not tend, on the contrary, to injure them, by the production of goods which may undersell theirs? And to the prejudice of our Birmingham and Manchester wares?

I have now, Sir, endeavoured to point out two evils intimately connected with the blockade of this island. The first I think might be done away by a formal representation of the case to Ali Pacha, forbidding any vessels navigating between the ports on the east coast of Italy and the Albanian shore, without special permit from him, and a regular certificate from the British agent, Mr. Foresti, at Joanina, that such vessel is actually trading as expressed in the permit of his highness, such permit to be valid for only a certain number of days, and the vessel cautioned not to keep on the Albanian shore, but to go outside of Fano, and on the Italian coast. If this is refused by Ali Pacha, the ports of Otranto, Brindisi, Barletta, and the east coast of Italy might be declared in a state of blockade, which would have a still stronger effect; and he could not complain of this, as he would have brought it on himself by refusing us the means of distinguishing his vessels from those of the enemy. The blockade of the east coast of Italy as far as Ancona, would assist further toward the blockade of Corfu than any measure that could be adopted; and if, on considering the trade that is

now carried on between Malta and the Venetian ports, it is found to be prejudicial to the English interests, why not stop the licence trade in the Adriatic altogether? Enemies' merchants are benefited now by it, one of whom resides at Malta, and the other at Venice, Trieste, or Fiume.

I have already endeavoured to point out, that individuals (Italians and Germans) gain by such trade, but that England, or English merchants, suffer; and I am convinced of its being an injurious traffic, without one solitary advantage that can recompense us for supplying the enemy with a necessary article, and a great source of his revenue. It cannot be said that we should be deprived of a market for our colonial produce, for all that is sent to the Adriatic goes first to Lissa, and from thence is smuggled to the Continent in small vessels: a vast quantity is disposed of by this means, and profitable, no doubt, to the British traders; but this is very different from the licence trade. No licence is necessary to go to Lissa, and the trade might be of service to the enemy's ports, provided they carried colonial produce or British merchandise, which was, I be-

lieve, the original intention. But it is never complied with; and thus are granted licences to Italians and Germans to support the common enemy, and to bring back from his ports articles that we are not in want of, and which are injurious to the English manufacturers. There is a vast distinction between the trade of colonial produce to the Adriatic and the licensed enemy's traders, and I am sure it only requires being looked into, and a measure so injurious to the British trade, and so profitable to the enemy, will be instantly put a stop to.

I shall now conclude, Sir, trusting that any erroneous opinion I may appear to you to have entertained relative to the above subjects, will be regarded only as an eager desire to render service to my country, by the detection of fraud and imposition. I have, &c. &c.

W. Hoste, Captain.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Malta, March 6th, 1813.

Upon quitting Zante we returned to our station off Corfu, and were very idle till the night of the 13th of February, when, after a very

pretty chase of two hours by moonlight, we captured a French courier on her passage from Corfu to Otranto. These vessels are employed as dispatch boats to and from the Continent. They are small, and sail and row remarkably fast; in fact, they are scarcely ever taken, and make their boast of having passed in the dark under the bows of almost every ship on the station. The one we took practised a variety of manœuvres to escape us, sometimes pulling one way and sometimes another, then lowering her sails and hoisting them again: all this rendered the pursuit more interesting. But it would not do; our glasses are too good, and the Bacchante sails too well.

When these couriers return from the Continent to Corfu, they have generally a large quantity of specie on board, as it is the only way of getting money to Corfu to pay the troops, &c. Unluckily for us, it is death to the officer commanding the courier to be taken with the money on board; so at the last moment, when all hopes of escape are at an end, it is thrown into the sea. This precaution, I believe, is not intended so much against us as to prevent fraud on the part

of their own officers, two of whom ran off with the money, and pretended that they had been captured by the English.

But to return to the courier we did take. We found on board her a general of artillery, his aide-de-camp, and his nephew, on their return to France, as they said, for their health. The general's name is Bordè ; his aide-de-camp, Richardot. They are gentlemanlike, pleasant, and well-informed men, particularly the general, who is tolerably impartial in politics for a Frenchman. He seems to entertain a very high notion of the power of Great Britain; considers her the most powerful nation in Europe, and that peace or war depends upon her. But he fancies we wish to retain all the commerce of the globe, in order to render the rest of the world our tributaries. He says, that individually every Frenchman is desirous of peace, but that collectively they are of opinion that it is necessary to continue the war, till, by reducing the Continent to his own system, Buonaparte may be enabled effectually to oppose the ambition of England. This, he asserts, was the cause of the war with Russia; that it was undertaken without any

idea of individual benefit to France, but out of pure generosity to Europe in general, and to liberate the Poles in particular from the iron yoke of Russia. He allows that this disastrous campaign has cost them three hundred thousand men, and all their artillery and cavalry. He says it was the finest army that has ever taken the field in modern times, and impossible to be re-established in the same state. Buonaparte had been two years in preparing it; the cannon, in particular, were all new, and cast for the purpose.

The French seem to have discovered that Russia is become a most formidable nation, and seem to consider her as dangerous to the liberties of Europe. The general observed, that she possessed men, arms, courage, abilities, and inclination — everything, in short, but money, which she was now obtaining through our means, as being the channel for our commerce into the other countries of the Continent, which she purchases of us at a low rate, and sells again at a thousand per cent. I mention these things to you, conceiving you would like to hear the opinion of an enlightened French officer of high

rank in the army. He commanded in Corfu, and has been in most of the late campaigns. He considers England to be invulnerable to any attacks that France may make upon her; but we cannot convince him that we are earnestly desirous of peace on equitable terms.

The manners of these Frenchmen are very unlike the idea I had formed of them. The revolution, I fancy, has effected a considerable change, and they are become much more serious and reflecting. Travelling is certainly of advantage to cure one of old prejudices, and one need not be surprised at the antipathies one nation conceives for another, after the story I am going to relate to you.

At Corfu is residing a Madame Vallié, the wife of an officer of artillery. In 1808 she was taken prisoner in a corn vessel, by the Amphion, on her passage from Italy to join her husband. She discovered extreme alarm on being brought on board; and for a long time afterwards could never be induced by all the attentions that were shown her by Hoste, to come on the quarter-deck. At length her terrors subsided, and she confessed the cause of them to have been a per-

suasion that the English were *cannibals*, and devoured their prisoners of war. Possessed with this notion, she would not show herself on deck, that she might not excite the appetites of the sailors. She had even congratulated herself on being taken in a vessel laden with *wheat*, in the hopes that such a supply of food, somewhat more natural, might defer her fate long enough to afford a chance of escape.

This lady was a Parisian, and had passed her youth in the metropolis of France! She was not then above two or three and twenty. The friendly treatment she experienced, for she was a prisoner some time, converted her entirely, and she has since entertained the highest esteem for the English, and my friend Hoste in particular, which she expresses upon all occasions, and we have heard of it from all the Corfu officers that we have taken. Her husband told Richardot, the general's aide-de-camp, the night before he left Corfu, that he hoped he would fall into Hoste's hands, if he should be taken. Richardot has written to inform him of the accomplishment of his wish.

When we quitted Zante three of our prizes

were missing. One of them only reached her destined port; of the second we have heard nothing; and of the third there is a tragical account to relate. She was a trabacculo under the charge of a midshipman of the name of Paley, a very handsome young man, and a particular protegé of Hoste. He had shared in all the exploits of the Amphion, where he distinguished himself, and has always been remarked in this ship for good conduct and amiable manners. He had with him as his crew in the prize, three Englishmen and one boy, and three Italians, (part of the original crew,) some of whom are generally left in their vessels, as knowing better how to manage them in case of difficulty. One of them had been the supercargo, and a great part of the property had belonged to him. A fourth Italian was discovered concealed in the trabacculo, after Paley had charge of her; but this did not alarm him.

While Paley and his three men were below at dinner, the boy was left alone on deck at the helm, with the four Italians. The opportunity was too favourable to be lost, and the Italians instantly killed the boy, and placed the hatch

over the cabin where Paley and his men were. On hearing this noise, they immediately rushed up the ladder, which would admit but one at a time. Paley was first, and was despatched without ceremony; the rest were knocked down with a hatchet, as they successively made the attempt to get on deck. One of them died, and the two others were badly wounded. The vessel was carried into Corfu, where they buried poor Paley and his unfortunate companions. The two survivors were sent to us by the general, and from them we learnt the history of this sad business. Paley was so much beloved that every one grieves for his fate. The Italians do not appear to have intended to murder any one but the boy on deck, could they have confined the others below; but when that could not be done, it became an act of self-defence.

The morning after the capture of General Bordè, our barge boarded and carried a large gun-boat; one of the Frenchmen was badly wounded, and three others slightly; our people had not a scratch. On the 13th, we fell in with a convoy of eight trabacculos, and captured the whole. This makes the third convoy destroyed

since we have been off Corfu, and, together with six gun-boats and one courier, shows that we have not been idle.

There is but one courier left; and the Italians are become so afraid of us, that not a vessel had arrived in Corfu up to the 4th of this month, when we quitted the station to come here for provisions, having only a week's bread in the ship, and no medicines, &c.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Zante, March 21st, 1813.

We came here yesterday to pick up our purser, and some of our men who had been left behind to dispose of our prizes. The Commander-in-chief, Sir Edward Pellew, has sent for the Bacchante, and we have only returned hither for the purpose I mention, and to get our letters, which the Unité has taken to Lissa, where Hoste will go to take leave of Admiral Freemantle. We do not regret quitting the station, though we are uncertain of our future destination.

Our time passed very agreeably at Malta. When we were released from quarantine, we

took up our residence on shore. Hoste went to General Layard's, who is second in command in the garrison, and who is a most excellent and gentleman-like man. He was stationed at Norwich for some time. The society of the English at Malta is small, consisting, as you would suppose, of the families of the military, civil, and commercial people; but the most hospitable set I ever knew.

On the 13th, the anniversary of Hoste's action off Lissa, we dined at the palace with General Oakes, and the action was not forgotten after dinner, you may be sure.

Off the coast of Calabria, April 13th, 1813.

We quitted Zante the 22nd, and reached Lissa, where we found the Eagle, Captain Rowley, having the admiral's flag on board, but the admiral himself was at Curzola, one of the islands lately taken by the Apollo. We remained there a day or two after his return, and quitted it the 5th; and I shall most probably see it no more.

They told us at Lissa, that Hoste is to be removed into a line-of-battle ship, but we do not

altogether credit it. The report has caused no small uneasiness in the ship; every one seems to have put a long face upon it. Our removal from Lissa has not caused me much regret, though for a cruise, the Adriatic is certainly the best station in the Mediterranean, and one we should all prefer, could we be our own masters.

Had the admiral given Hoste the sort of *carte blanche* which he promised him, he would have made his fortune; and were any one else appointed to the Adriatic, I have no doubt Hoste would willingly return.

TO MRS. HOSTE.

Bacchante, Malta, April 19th, 1813.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

We have just anchored from a pretty successful cruise, provided the vessels we have detained are condemned. I have little to tell you of; report says we are to go back to the Adriatic, but I do not think it is certain, and I hope not, for there is little to be done, and that little does not seem likely to be done.

Edward, I am happy to say, is quite well, and going on in the straight road for promotion.

He will, I hope, in the close of the year, mount his epaulette; but you must exert your interest, and get him on the list of the Admiralty promotion on some strong recommendation to Sir Edward Pellew. Pray do not depend on me; for God knows, I have not the interest to get a midshipman made out of my own ships, and I do not know enough of the chief to ask him any favour whatever. The boy has seen service enough to make him a captain, if services would do it; but interest is the main point, and without it you may whistle for promotion.

We are in quarantine, which is a hard case, for we cannot get on shore, and being for ever at sea, makes us more anxious to catch the opportunity when it offers.

In a letter some time ago, I mentioned the probability of my coming to England, provided I was obliged to leave the Bacchante. I have had a letter from the chief, and he very handsomely says he will put an acting captain in any vacancy that may occur in the line, till I hear from my friends, or till he hears from Lord Melville.

I am at times very unwell from the climate,

but I will stay out as long as I can for Edward's sake; when he is a lieutenant, I shall try and get some rest on shore, for I want it. I fear the last campaign, however successful, will not bring us peace. The death of Buony will alone do that. Austria will not join the Russians, I think. The dread of France, and her own reduced state, will oblige her either to side with the Corsican or preserve a doubtful neutrality; if she does come forward, we shall have active work in the Adriatic, at present we have no chance of fighting, so be quite easy on that score. Believe me, my dearest mother, your ever affectionate and dutiful son,

W. HOSTE.

An order is this instant arrived that I am to return to the Adriatic.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Lissa, June 21st, 1813.

You will be surprised to see the date of my letter, after having acquainted you that we had quitted the Adriatic, as I thought for ever. Almost immediately on our arrival at Malta, we learned that orders had arrived from Sir Edward

Pellew for us to return to this island. Our return has caused much speculation amongst us as to its reason; but if the report we hear, that Admiral Hallowell is coming to succeed Admiral Freemantle be true, it is easy to be accounted for, as I make no doubt it has been his request that Hoste should be under him on this station. Admiral Hallowell has known Hoste all his life, and was particularly intimate with Lord Nelson. We know that he entertains the highest opinion of Hoste, and has expressed a wish to have him with him. Now as the said Admiral Hallowell is a very active, zealous officer, and a thorough pupil of the *good* school, we all pray fervently that the report may be true.

We passed our time at Malta in the same agreeable manner as before; left it on the 27th, and arrived here on the 2nd of May. Our friends were as much surprised to see us, as we were to find ourselves here again.

The Admiral directed us to cruise in the Gulf of Fiume and about the neighbouring islands, and we left Lissa for that purpose on the 4th of May. Upon our arrival amongst the islands, we heard of a large convoy being in the canal of

Karlebago, a narrow channel lying between the coast of Dalmatia and the Island of Pajo. This convoy consisted of seventy trabacculos, laden chiefly with corn. Such an object determined Hoste to sail up the canal, although no ship of the size of the Bacchante had ever done so, and the passage was considered dangerous. As ill luck would have it, we encountered nothing but foul winds, which retarded our progress so much that the enemy got intelligence of our design, and escaped into a place of safety, where neither the ship nor our boats could follow them. Had the wind shifted but three points any way, we must have captured the whole. Our boats also that were sent after them, arrived six hours only too late, and, I believe, owing to some false information, did not persevere sufficiently, or they might have succeeded. The men in the boats pulled thirty miles against wind and current, and, indeed, made every exertion, though to no purpose, and the convoy was worth at least £50,000.

On our return from this pursuit, we anchored within pistol-shot of Carlebago, a town at the foot of the Julian Alps, and from whence the

canal I have been speaking of derives its name. It was defended by a kind of citadel, mounting four nine-pounders, but as the ship was placed, only one of them could be brought to bear against her: there were four other guns, but so exposed to the fire of the ship, that it would have been madness to have attempted to stand by them.

The governor was summoned to surrender, and to suffer us to blow up the fort and carry off the guns. A curious negociation took place, which ended in the governor's retreating to his citadel, and our bombarding it, which, in about half an hour, almost knocked it about his ears, and he was glad to surrender without any conditions. He was only able to fire the gun upon the fort once, the first large shot ever fired at the ship, and I am sorry to say it was sufficiently mischievous to make us remember it. There was little or no damage done to the town, and after blowing up the fort, we embarked and sailed away, carrying with us the governor and two handsome brass field-pieces, which was all we gained, except the honour.

The governor is a fine old Austrian, a soldier

of thirty years' standing, and who had taken the command of this place as a sort of retreat for himself and family, little expecting to be made a prisoner at his time of life; but it was fortunate for him we took him off, as the French have condemned him to be shot, for not defending a place which Buonaparte himself could not have defended with all his army.

Soon after this affair, we returned to look after our large convoy, in hopes that our absence might have induced them to quit their strongholds, but, having found them still in the same situation, it was determined to blockade them whilst we sent to Lissa for a sufficient force to enable us to attack them.

With this view we anchored in the neighbourhood of Zara, the capital of Dalmatia, to which place the convoy was bound. Here we remained for the rest of our cruise, which was to end on the 15th of June, without seeing anything of a reinforcement. In fact, had it not arrived immediately on our sending for it, it would have been of little service, as the vessels sent their cargoes overland to Zara. It was from Zara that Marmont made his famous march in 1809, with only

ten thousand men, through the heart of the Austrian dominions, to join Buonaparte before the battle of Wagram, which he accomplished.

On Thursday the 10th, we were obliged to quit our prey on our return to Lissa, dreadfully mortified at our ill success, and the thoughts of going back without a single prize. A foul wind induced us to stand over towards Ancona. On the 11th we ran down the coast, without seeing anything of consequence, and the next day was to be the last of our experiment.

Conceive then our joy, at being roused in the morning with the cry of a convoy in sight. They were at anchor near a place called Giulia Nova, which we had reconnoitred the evening before, and off which we lay to the right, that we might miss nothing in the dark. As the ship was eight or ten miles to leeward, and it was not advisable to give them time to make preparations for their defence, all the boats were hoisted out, manned, and sailed to attack them under the command of our first lieutenant, Mr. Hood. Hoste and myself took our stations, as usual, in the main-top, to command a good view of the affair, and where we waited in anxious expectation of the result.

We did not remain long in doubt as to the nature of the enemy's force, for as soon as our boats got within the range of grape shot, a tremendous fire opened upon them, along the whole of the enemy's line, which continued without intermission, till our boats were fairly lost sight of in the smoke.

You may conceive our feelings at this moment, being now convinced that the convoy was chiefly composed of gun-boats. We had no fear as to the result, but the odds were so great, that our loss, from the showers of grape that we could see falling about the boats, we concluded must be immense. The firing ceased as soon as our men came to close quarters; the enemy quitted his vessels and made off as fast as he could. The beach was covered with the fugitives running in all directions, and the convoy remained in our possession. It consisted of seven large gun-boats, each mounting one eighteen-pounder in the bow, the smaller gun-vessels with a four-pounder in the bow, four armed trabacculos, and ten other vessels. The gun-boats alone carried two hundred and sixty-nine men, to say nothing of the others, and of a hundred soldiers drawn

up for their assistance on the beach. Our own boats, seven in number, with about one hundred and fifty men. Upon a moderate calculation the enemy were as three to one, superior in weight of metal and number of men.

You will imagine that this success was not obtained without loss; but considering the nature of the contest, it was very trifling; three killed, and six wounded, one of whom has since died of his wounds. You may cut sailors to pieces, but you cannot conquer their spirit. One of them had his right arm shattered whilst in the act of boarding a gun-boat; instead of retreating, he took his cutlass with his left hand, and continued to press forward as long as he could stand, holding up the bleeding remnant as a signal for his comrades to avenge him.

One of our midshipmen, of the name of Langton, commanded the first gig, which carried ten men besides himself; in this boat he boarded one of the largest of the enemy, who fired his bow-gun slap into the gig as she was coming up alongside: fortunately the chief part of the charge went over him, but not without killing one, and wounding three others. Notwithstanding this,

the remaining six persevered and carried their opponent, their wounded companions cheering them up, though unable to follow them. The boat that our friend Edward Hoste commanded was very conspicuous, as usual, and luckily suffered no loss. The killed and wounded of the enemy amounted to nearly ten times the number of our own; the beach was literally covered with the dying and the dead. The commodore and the chief part of his officers, with above fifty men, were made prisoners. He told us that he had no notion that the boats would have persevered in their attack after discovering his force. He had concluded, and justly enough, that they were ignorant of his strength, till he opened his fire, which he expected would induce them to retreat; with this idea, he paused after the first discharge to see its effect, but, instead of discovering any symptoms of fear, his ears were greeted with a loud and animated shout, which was continued throughout the little squadron till they came to close quarters. He had reserved his last discharge till the boats were close on board him. Seven gun-boats, and five merchant vessels came safe off; the remaining twelve were burnt.

We arrived here safe, last Monday evening, the 14th, without losing one of our prizes,—the first time we have been so fortunate. You cannot think what credit our boats have gained, and it is esteemed one of the most gallant boat-actions in our naval annals. The only person who has preserved a *dignified reserve* upon the subject, is the admiral, who has not expressed the least satisfaction in any one way. The last six weeks is almost the only cruise the admiral has given us, and that on nearly the worst station in the Adriatic.

Previous to leaving the ship, Lieutenant Hood received discretionary orders to proceed in the attack, or wait the arrival of the ship; no wonder then that his meritorious conduct called forth the following eulogium from one who gloried in the glory of others. "It is not necessary, Sir, to enter into the merits of the officers and men employed on this occasion; the action speaks for itself; and when the force on each side is considered, perhaps there have been few instances where more determined courage and intrepidity have been displayed."

TO THE REV. DIXON HOSTE.

Bacchante, off Lissa, June 14th, 1813.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I have only time now (pray give me credit this time) to send a line by a schooner that is off the port, and bound, I suppose, to Malta, for I have not yet had communication with any thing, or heard from Godwick since February. I can only tell you that your dear gallant boy Edward is well and safe, after as glorious an action in the Bacchante's boats as ever was fought. I am now entering the port of Lissa with nine gun-boats captured by this ship's boats, and you may suppose me not a little proud of such brave men. My first lieutenant, Hood, commanded them, and attacked eleven gun-boats with seven of ours, and captured and destroyed the whole of them, with fourteen sail under their convoy.

Young Langton is well and safe, and in my own gig took a gun-boat himself. Tell his father he may boast of as brave and good a son as ever lived to bless a father's declining years. Teddy and Lord Radstock's son, Waldegrave, both

boarded the French commodore, and carried him *l'épée à la main;*—excuse my French. All my boys behaved nobly, and I only regret that I have not myself the opportunity of showing what Bacchante can do. Adieu. We lost, I am sorry to say, three killed, and six wounded. Adieu, my dear father; believe me ever your dutiful and affectionate son, W. HOSTE.

TO MRS. HOSTE.

Bacchante, off Lissa, July 10th, 1813.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Here we are once more on our way to Lissa, after having taken Fiume and Porto Ré, two large towns on the coast of Dalmatia. You must remember the name of the former, I am sure, and the attentions I received from a very excellent family residing there. You may suppose how glad I was again to see them, though in a character by no means very pleasant for either party.

I wrote to you on my arrival at Lissa in June with the French gun-boats we had captured, and about a week afterwards we again sailed from thence, to resume my station; however, I met

Admiral Freemantle soon after, and he desired I would report to him on the practicability of taking Fiume, the defence of which consisted in four batteries, three and four guns each; upon which I was sent to reconnoitre it, and returned with a very correct account of its works and garrison, and gave my opinion most decidedly in favour of an immediate attack on it, and the town and works of Porto Ré, a port the enemy occupy a little way from it.

On the 2nd instant, the squadron off Venice having joined, making a force of three sail of the line and a frigate and brig, we commenced our operations, and with a fine breeze steered directly in for the enemy's batteries. The wind unluckily failed when close, and the current set us considerably to leeward; fortunately, however, the Eagle, Captain Rowley, a very fine fellow and my good friend, got in alone, and silencing the battery opposed to him, very gallantly stormed it.

Finding I could not get the Bacchante near enough in, I went away with the boats and marines, and after storming the battery that Bacchante was to have engaged, pushed on and

joined Captain Rowley, and we drove the French completely out of the town. Rowley was made *Governor,* and I was made *Lieutenant-Governor* under him. I was sent to take Porto Ré afterwards, in which I completely succeeded, and destroyed the works and guns without loss, and joined my admiral the same day.

I found the French family delighted to see me; and I am happy to say I was useful to them, which brought me such kind looks from the animated features of Madame Vienendelo, a lovely Frenchwoman, as made it a much more dangerous situation than any that occurred during the storming party.

TO THE REV. DIXON HOSTE.

Bacchante, Lissa, July 12th, 1813.

MY DEAR FATHER,

On my arrival here yesterday I had the pleasure of getting a large packet from the old house; and its contents assured me that you are all well and happy. I thank you for the trouble you have given yourself about the business relative to myself, and shall only say, that I think as I always have done, that I have been neglected:

but mention it no more, my dear father. I am the only person who ought or who does feel the neglect, but it will make no difference in my future services. My hand and head shall ever act in unison with my heart for my country, and whether I meet the distinctions which they merit or not, at least I will not have to reproach myself for not obtaining them.

I am now lying here with the admiral, and I am wishing to ascertain where my next cruising-ground will be. I wish to Heaven I was at home, for I am heartily tired of this stupid place, and the plague being at Malta makes it much worse. It is dreadful the state of that place; thirty or forty die daily, and as many are taken ill. It has not yet reached the English, or the garrison, but of course they are in a most alarmed state, and all communication is necessarily put a stop to.

You will have heard of the armistice between Russia and France. I fear it is a bad business, and must end in a peace on the Continent. May it be peace with Old England also! We hear the Duke of Portland is gone to Prague, as the ambassador from England.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Bacchante, Capo d'Istria, Sept. 16th, 1813.

After the taking of Fiume and Porto Ré, the admiral and ourselves returned to Lissa, and remained there till the 17th of July, when we sailed for Venice, to look after a new French frigate which was reported to be under orders for sailing. Until the 2nd of August we remained blockading the frigate, and now and then running down the coast towards Ancona, in hopes of making some prizes, but the trade is so completely cut up that we saw nothing at all.

On the 2nd the Eagle and ourselves took the town of Rovigno, where there were some few vessels. The Bacchante sailed directly into the harbour, and anchoring close to the town, sent our marines on shore. We burned the vessels that were empty, and carried off the only two that were laden, after destroying the guns and the batteries.

On the 28th we learned that hostilities had commenced again between the Allies and the French, that Austria had joined the confederacy,

and that a division of her army under General Nugent had arrived at Fiume, where also the admiral had arrived, and the Eagle. This news put us in great spirits. As it was our object to assist the Austrians in the reduction of the province of Istria, the Elizabeth and ourselves proceeded to attack Città Nuova on the 4th. It was defended by two batteries of two guns each, but they only fired two shot at us, which both went over the ship. Our guns dislodged them the moment they opened, and our marines rowing towards the shore, induced them to fly, for fear of their retreat being cut off, which would have been the case had they remained longer; for the town standing upon a narrow neck of land, there is but one road which leads into the interior. There was nothing to do in the town but to depose the French authorities and burn a few vessels that were lying there.

Two days after this exploit, we learned from a vessel we spoke at sea, that the Austrians were advancing to Trieste, which induced us to sail there, and anchor just out of gun-shot of the batteries; and so well had we chosen the distance, that a shot from them fell about one hun-

dred yards short of the ship. The Elizabeth remained at a short distance from us.

We heard nothing of the Austrians till the 10th, when we were roused at daybreak by the guns of the citadel firing into the town. The haziness of the weather prevented our distinguishing the cause or result of this, but at breakfast a boat came off to us from Baron d'Aspre, an Austrian officer, to acquaint Hoste that he had taken possession of the town, and wished to consult him about the means of reducing the castle. As soon as Hoste received the note, he got into his gig and went towards the town.

Trieste is built at the bottom of a small bay of a semicircular form, with a mole extending from one extremity of the arc almost to the other. The mole has about twenty large guns upon it, and there are two more batteries on the opposite side of the semicircle, mounting together about fourteen guns, and the castle commands the whole.

It was natural to suppose that no officer would have sent to request Hoste to meet him on shore unless he had taken possession of the mole and

sea batteries; as to the castle, a shot or two from thence was to be expected. But you may imagine Hoste's surprise, and our alarm on board, when, just as he was going to land, having passed the mole, the whole of these batteries opened their fire at once upon his little boat, and he was convinced that it was some fatal mistake, and that his only chance was to turn back, and run the gauntlet through the whole of them to the ship.

The French never showed themselves till he was on the point of setting his foot on shore; indeed, if they had had but five minutes' more patience, the whole party would have been taken, for Hoste, unsuspicious of any danger, would have quietly marched into the town in search of the Austrian commander. However, he instantly decided to return to the ship, and row for his life; and with that coolness which never forsakes him, he contrived to steer the boat so as to give the shot the least possible chance of hitting him, and he even stood up in the boat with the flag in his hand, as if in defiance. Thank God, not a hair of him or of his crew was touched.

I cannot describe to you our agitation on board; for myself, I could not have felt more had I been in the boat with him. There was no time to get the ship under weigh to assist them, and we were obliged to remain trembling spectators of the scene, watching every shot as it pitched and rebounded over the boat. Several fell so near, that we lost sight of them in the splash of water occasioned by the force and size of the ball.

Our first idea was that the message was altogether a trick of the French commandant to decoy Hoste on shore; and I verily believe, that had any accident happened, the unfortunate messenger, who was still on board, would have made his exit at the yard-arm, without judge or jury. A moment's reflection convinced us, however, that the note was no forgery, and that some mistake remained to be cleared up.

The extreme alarm at his danger, and the anxiety for his safety evinced on this trying occasion by the whole of those on board, from the first lieutenant to the lowest sailor, is a most flattering and undeniable proof how much Hoste is beloved by his crew; and certainly, as far as I am able to judge, no commander

more richly deserves it. His conduct, both to officers and men, is most steady and impartial; strict when strictness is necessary, and indulgent whenever it is admissible.

The ship is in the best possible state of discipline; for the men are well aware that their duties must be done, and that there is an eye over them that cannot easily be deceived. But there is no severity, nothing of the Tartar; punishment, of course, happens now and then; but never except when absolutely necessary. Hoste cannot bear to punish men, and so great is his dislike to it, that when we meet at breakfast, I can almost always tell by his looks when there is to be any punishment in the course of the morning. He is easy and familiar with his officers, and accessible to his men, and most scrupulously attentive to their comforts. The former know well that he will afford them every feasible opportunity of distinguishing themselves, and indeed he is justly proud of the number of officers that have obtained promotion under his command. Jack also feels secure that no chance of a fair mill (as they term a fight), or of making prize money, will be thrown away.

But this theme has led me away from my narrative; and to return to Hoste's providential escape from Trieste, the fact turned out to be, that the Baron d'Aspre, deceived by wrong accounts of the French force in the town, had entered it at night, and obtained momentary possession of the mole head; at that time he despatched his note to Hoste; but before it arrived, the enemy made a sortie from the castle, and compelled the Austrians to evacuate the town, without being able to give us any notice of it.

D'Aspre was not aware that it was Hoste whom he had drawn into such a scrape, and it was lucky, perhaps, that he was not; for being old friends, he would probably have attempted some rash action, and made things worse than they were. He is a young man of great spirit, and pleasant gentleman-like manners, and much attached to the English. He became intimate with Hoste at Malta some time ago, and they have renewed their intimacy at this place. His father was a soldier also, and was killed at the battle of Wagram. D'Aspre has about two hundred infantry under his command, and about twenty-five or thirty very fine Hungarian hussars, who have excited

the greatest terror in this neighbourhood. His corps is one of Nugent's advanced pickets. They retreated to this town as soon as they quitted Trieste, and requested that the Elizabeth and ourselves would anchor as near the town as possible, to cover them from any attack the enemy may make, for we understand that a considerable division of Beauharnois' army is advancing against Fiume, and that General Nugent will probably be obliged to quit it.

TO THE REV. DIXON HOSTE.

Bacchante, Capo d'Istria, Sept. 22nd, 1813.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I have had no opportunity of writing for a length of time; we have been kept on the blockade of Venice the last two months most strictly, and I assure you I am heartily tired. Every thing here has lately assumed a new aspect; the rupture of the armistice, the Austrian war and the march of their troops on this coast, have afforded ample room for the head and the hand to plan and execute.

We have accounts from Vienna of the success of the allied arms on the 26th of August, by the

capture of General Vandamme, and the French army in Bohemia; and indeed all at present wears a most pleasing aspect. The British squadron, under the Rear-Admiral Freemantle, are at this moment actually employed with the Austrian forces on the coast of the Litterale, and that of Istrea, and we hope soon to be in possession of Trieste.

Gen. Nugent, an Irishman, and a very distinguished officer, commands the Austrian army employed on the coast, and I am sure, from what we see of him, he is equal to any thing. He is active, brave, and enterprising, and I am proud to find a countryman of ours commanding in a foreign country, *malgré* the jealousy which he must naturally encounter; though at the same time I cannot but regret the causes which forced a man who might so well have fought his own country's battle, obliged, from the narrow policy and ill-judged measures of our wise rulers, to seek in a strange country the reward which his own refused him. He has just arrived here, after a most severe contest of three days against a vastly superior force of the enemy, who has obliged him to take shelter in this place; he has since

been re-inforced, and I presume will soon resume the offensive.

We are going to lose Admiral Freemantle, who has, by his own request, been superseded; he sails for England, in the Eagle, immediately. Oh! how I wish he could take me with him. I long to be quiet, and enjoy the comforts of your dear fire-side. Happy Old England! the more I compare her with other countries, the more enviable she appears. I every day see the horrors of a country which has become the theatre of war; and from your quiet habitation you can form no idea of the misery which must inevitably occur to the inhabitants of a country in a state of actual war.

The Austrian soldiers have behaved uncommonly well, but they are badly clothed, badly paid, and half-starved; yet still they go on, and behave before an enemy as brave men ought. I am quite astonished to see it, and think it cannot last. We must have peace; I am not sanguine: I have been so often *disappointed* in my hopes relative to the continental affairs, that do not think me a *croaker*, when I say, I do not believe Buonaparte will

either be frightened, or *forced,* to make a *bad* peace.

The Allies are strong and numerous, but how long they will remain so is another matter: their antagonist is such a consummate general, and after his repeated losses appears again more formidable than ever, that there is no saying what he cannot do; conjecture is lost; excepting *beating* a British army or fleet, he can do, and has done, things almost exceeding belief.

I was near getting into a serious scrape a few days ago, owing to the ignorance of an Austrian officer, who had, *pro tempore,* taken possession of Trieste, and had sent to me, to request I would communicate with him. The French were in full possession of the works, which I was not told of, and the consequence was, I was obliged to run the gauntlet through all their batteries. My usual good fortune attended me, or rather, that merciful Providence who has protected me these last twenty years through all the dangers of a professional life, still deigned to save me; and to the astonishment of all hands, I and my brave boat's crew escaped unhurt.

TO THE SAME.

Bacchante, off Trieste, Oct. 3rd, 1813.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I have only time to give you one line, to acquaint you that my dear boy Edward is promoted to be acting lieutenant of the Wizard brig. I have to thank Admiral Freemantle for the acting order, and I have written to Lord Melville to request he will confirm the commission. I am ordered on a difficult kind of service; I hope I shall succeed. Be not alarmed, it is one which requires more head than hand, and there will be no fighting. I am not able to say more. God bless you, and remember me to all.

Your ever dutiful and affectionate son,

W. HOSTE.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Bacchante, off Lissa, Oct. 8th, 1813.

We sailed from Capo d'Istria, the 17th of December, with the intention of proceeding to Fiume after a reconnoissance of our friends at Venice; but on the evening of the 19th, we

met the Milford on her way to Capo d'Istria, whither General Nugent had retreated; the French having compelled him to quit Fiume. The enemy advanced from Laybach with four thousand infantry and about two hundred cavalry. Nugent, who had not above one thousand three hundred men, retreated step by step, disputing every inch of ground. The French general naturally supposed that the Austrians would retreat through Fiume to Carlstadt, towards the frontiers of Hungary; but instead of that, Nugent pushed for Istria and the sea coast, where he knew he could cover that province, and at the same time be protected by our men-of-war. He therefore left about thirty hussars, his rear-guard, to continue their retreat through Fiume, and draw the French after them, whilst he made his own good by a different route. The enemy was completely deceived. The hussars performed their part admirably, and indeed exhibited such proofs of their courage and *sang-froid,* as would be incredible, if I had not learned it from our friends in the Milford, who were eye-witnesses of the whole affair.

The road into Fiume is down a very steep

hill, and therefore easily seen. The hussars descended the hill not above a pistol-shot in advance of the two hundred French cavalry, supported by four thousand infantry. As often as this cavalry ventured to leave a little the body of the infantry, the Austrians would turn about, charge, and drive them back with loss under the protection of the bayonet. They continued their retreat in this manner, with their pipes in their mouths, returning to the charge even in the streets of Fiume, till they had crossed the river, where they halted. The French advanced into the town, and demanded ten thousand rations, but from some report, or their alarm in discovering where General Nugent was, or some other reason, they quitted the town again with precipitation, without doing any mischief; though it was said the soldiers were promised three hours' pillage to induce them to advance. For, in fact, their army is almost composed of Italian boys, which accounts for their pusillanimity, and the constant success of the Austrians, when not absolutely overwhelmed with numbers. The enemy left sixty men behind, as a sort of garrison to the town; and in the evening our thirty hussars returned, and made them all prisoners.

Although the town suffered no material damage, yet the fright and confusion of the poor inhabitants was beyond description. It was known the night before that General Nugent would be obliged to retreat: and as it is natural to anticipate danger, all the town was roused at midnight, the alarm-bells were rung, and women and children, and I believe I may add men also, were running about the streets shrieking, and in expectation of every excess from a bombardment and incensed enemy. Those who were able, crowded into vessels of every description, and flocked under the Milford in thousands, half dressed, without provisions, or any consciousness except that of terror and despair. The officers of the Milford, who remained on shore till the last, tried in vain to quiet this panic, and to induce them to remain in their houses as the best chance of saving them; but they persisted in staying where they were, and fortunately for them, the French had not six hours' possession of the town.

The admiral took us back with him to Capo d'Istria, where General Nugent had arrived before him. On the 27th, orders came to Nugent to advance to Trieste, so as to invest th

or compel Beauharnois to despatch a sufficient force to relieve it, which would enable General Miller to attack him with advantage. Fifty Croats came on board of us, to be landed on the other side of Trieste, and to form an advanced post for Nugent, who was to push his pickets till they could communicate with it, and by this means entirely surround Trieste.

We sailed as soon as they arrived, and landed them the next morning, but we ourselves anchored close to the shore, to take them on board again, should they find the enemy too strong, which proved to be the case. General Nugent, however, who had advanced at the same time, by sending a corps of four hundred men under our friend D'Aspre to Opchina (a town in the mountains which overlooks Trieste), obliged the French to retire, and leave room for *our* corps, which we landed again the next day.

As Hoste wished to see D'Aspre, he and I, and a body-guard of ten marines, trudged over the mountains to Opchina, where we met luckily General Nugent himself, who was come there to reconnoitre Trieste. It was settled, that Hoste should take his fifty men on board again, and

proceed further down the coast to a place called Douin, where was a strong French picket, who were in an old castle.

We weighed at daybreak (the 30th of September), and dropping down abreast on the castle, prepared to knock it down; but the birds had flown in the night, and our fifty Croats took quiet possession of their deserted quarters. Here we left them, for it began to blow hard, and we were in an awkward situation for riding out a gale of wind, of which there was every prospect. We had the satisfaction of knowing that our friends were in safety, and could retreat upon their own army in case of accidents. We bore up, and anchored at Capo d'Istria. In the evening the weather was more moderate, and we returned to look after our Croats, who had retreated a little nearer to Opchina, upon the appearance of a strong French corps.

It seems that Beauharnois is on his retreat also, and of course will drive in all Nugent's advanced posts, which occupy the road by which he must retire.

On the 2nd instant the Weasel came to us, with orders to join the admiral directly. When

we arrived there, we received orders to proceed with all despatch to Ragusa, to organise an insurrection there, of the natives, the Montenegrins, as they are called. We are by no means pleased with this, for it was very interesting being attached, as we were, to General Nugent's corps; and besides, the siege of Trieste will commence, I suppose, as soon as Beauharnois is at a sufficient distance, and it is very provoking not to see the flag pulled down, which we have been watching so long; but it cannot be helped. We sailed on the 3rd.

The line of conduct now assumed by Austria threw the face of affairs in the Adriatic into a greatly changed form. Trieste and the Illyrian provinces were the scene of constant warfare; and the zealous mind of Captain Hoste found, in co-operating in their measures, ample scope for all his talents and ever-devoted wish to serve his country. Depressed in spirits from the privation of service which had so much been imposed upon him since his return to the Adriatic, he now saw before him, and anticipated with joy, the opportunity of assisting the Allies in their

great movements, and acting along the coast in conjunction with the army; when, in the very dawn of his hopes, he was again ordered upon a service of far minor importance, and one which, in the probable course of events, would be beyond his power to accomplish.

To free Dalmatia from the French had been the first object of Hoste's wishes, when arriving in the Adriatic, in 1812, there seemed to be no active service going on. That was no longer the case; other scenes would have better suited his superior abilities; but he was now ordered to proceed to Dalmatia, to reduce the provinces of Cattaro and Ragusa: the citadel of the former mounting ninety guns, and that of the latter one hundred and thirty-four. Sensible of the inadequacy of his own frigate to carry on a siege against two fortresses of the strength which they possessed, and aware that his commanding officer was alive to that in a greater degree than himself, Captain Hoste requested a body of marines, and some guns and mortars, to carry on the siege, but the admiral refused every assistance.

No way daunted by an apparent determina-

tion on the part of another to prevent the success of an enterprize which himself was projecting, Captain Hoste quitted his presence with the noble determination to perform to his utmost the duty entrusted to him. The sequel will prove how fully he acted up to that determination; how, regardless of every opposition towards the furtherance of his undertaking, he himself, with his little corps, pressed forward in the performance of their duty, to the sacrifice of every other consideration but love and duty to their country.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Bacchante, moored in the Bocca di Cattaro,
October 13th, 1813.

On the 9th we arrived off Lissa, and sailed again the same evening for Ragusa and Cattaro. Yesterday we fell in with the Saracen, Captain Harper, with three gun-boats in company, off Ragusa. We took them under our orders, and sailed for this place immediately. We arrived off the mouth of the harbour this morning, passed the batteries of Castel Nuovo, exchanged a few shot without sustaining any injury, and anchored about three miles from the entrance.

This harbour is formed by several rivers, which unite at the town of Cattaro. It is twenty miles in length and three or four in breadth, with sufficient water for men-of-war, forming altogether the completest port in the world. Extremely high mountains are on both banks. The lower regions are inhabited by a people called Bocchesi, the upper parts by a race of men almost savages. One of these mountains is called the Monte Negro, whence the natives are denominated Montenegrins. The Austrians are the rightful sovereigns of the country, but it was ceded to the French at the last peace with Austria. Since that time the Montenegrins have carried on continual hostilities with the French, and give them no quarter, but they are such a ferocious set, that no one likes to have anything to do with them. The chief person amongst them is their archbishop, who is of a very different nature from his adherents. He is a man of education; has been some time in Russia, and is very much respected by everybody. His influence is almost unbounded with the Montenegrins, except in the article of plunder. He has made several overtures to our

Government for assistance, which have not been listened to till now.

At the entrance of the Bocca is the town of Castel Nuovo, and a very strong fort, called Spanish Fort. This is in possession of the French, and is garrisoned by Croats and Italians. About ten miles higher up is an island, named St. George, where is a fort of twelve guns, also in the enemy's hands; and still higher, at the head of the harbour, is the town of Cattaro itself, the head-quarters of the French General Gauthier.

Our object in coming here is to free this country from the common enemy, and our hopes of succeeding rest chiefly upon the assistance of the natives, and the disaffection of the Croats, who compose the strength of the garrisons, are the natural subjects of Austria, and have already deserted in great numbers. The Bocchese have surrounded Castel Nuovo and Spanish Fort, and the Montenegrins have done the same with Cattaro. The Bocchese wish to have nothing to do with the Montenegrins, who plunder friends and foes, and are guilty of every excess; and I am of opinion, that were the two people to meet,

they would be more likely to quarrel than unite for the common cause. The Montenegrins are a most extraordinary people, and have stormed several places that were deemed almost impregnable, and they have inspired much terror into the French.

We have just sent away our boats, under the command of Captain Harper, to attack four French gun-boats and the Island of St. George, where they are at anchor.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

October 16th, 1813.

We sent in our flag of truce on the morning of the 14th, to the Governor of Spanish Fort, and he requested us to give him till five in the evening to reflect upon his answer. We sent again at five in the evening, and he wished to wait till the morning, to be able to unité, as he said, the voice of his garrison. This appeared mere humbug; but as the means of attack were not prepared, and the fort was strong, we waited.

Our boats returned from their expedition to the Island of St. George, having been very successful. They found the gun-boats already in

the possession of the Bocchese; and then they proceeded to attack the island, which they took in a short time, for the chief part of the garrison being Croats, they threatened to kill their colonel, who is a Frenchman, and a member of the Legion of Honor, if he did not surrender: this, at least, is his story. There were twelve brass guns and a mortar upon the island, which, together with the garrison, 150 men, fell into our hands.

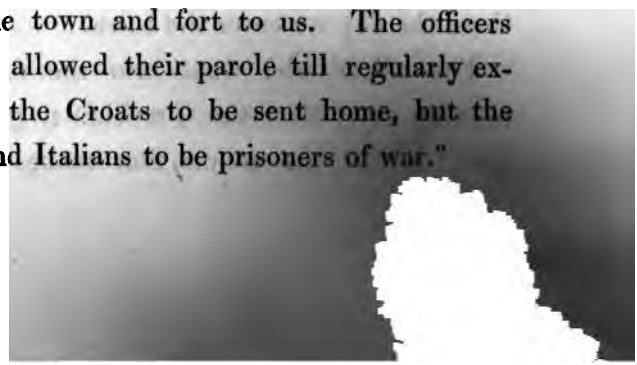
The capture of this place is important in itself, as it commands the passage up the harbour to Cattaro; and still more so, as it will influence the public spirit in spreading an idea of our earnestness and zeal, and will still more and more lessen the confidence of the French in their Croat soldiers. One of our boats and a lieutenant were left behind to guard the island.

At twelve o'clock on the 14th, Hoste went on shore to pay his respects to the Archbishop, who was come to a house near the ships for that purpose. His Excellency, however, was not arrived when we landed, but we found a large party of Bocchese chieftains and nobles assembled. They were full of their expressions of

zeal and determination. The whole party seemed very unanimous in the cause, and promised to raise any number of men that might be wanted.

The right reverend soldier arrived about two, and a very handsome man he is; tall; of a commanding figure; and of a mild, but majestic aspect. He wears a long white beard, and is about fifty years of age: his manners graceful and easy. He wore a purple silk robe and cassock, with a red ribbon, like that of the Order of the Bath, and a star upon his breast; and when he goes to battle, he is covered with orders and stars. His patron is the Emperor of Russia. There were but few Montenegrins with him, and those, I take it for granted, the best of the flock.

At the appointed hour of ten in the morning of the 15th, the commandant sent to know what terms we would grant. Hoste returned for answer, that "The garrison should march out with the honours of war, deposit their arms, and surrender the town and fort to us. The officers should be allowed their parole till regularly exchanged; the Croats to be sent home, but the French and Italians to be prisoners of war."



The commandant objected to the latter clause, and wished to have the French and Italians landed in some French port, with their arms and ammunition; but Hoste refused to alter a single article, and gave him five minutes to consider of it. The commandant wisely gave in, and we are to take possession of the place to-morrow at eight o'clock.

It was a fortunate circumstance for them that we arrived, for we have discovered that all communication was cut off between the fort and the town, (though only a furlong distant from each other,) so much so, that the commandant, who was in the town, was unable to get to the fort, and we were obliged to send an officer to the fort, to acquaint the garrison there that the colonel had surrendered. They had no provisions in the town, and, but for us, must have surrendered to the Montenegrins, who would have murdered every soul. Indeed, they requested us to send a sufficient force to protect them the day we enter the town.

The officer who went into the fort in the evening says, that the Frenchmen grumbled a good deal at the article that makes them pri-

soners of war. However, they seemed to derive great satisfaction when they learned that a British force would receive their arms; they said it would be *some* credit to them. As soon as this affair is settled, we shall move up to Cattaro, which is about fifteen miles off.

We have a difficult game to play with these Montenegrins and Bocchese; the latter are attached to the house of Austria, the former to Russia, and one of their chiefs came to us this evening, to request that the Russian colours might be hoisted with the English and Austrian: so all the three banners are to float over the walls of the port. We told them at the same time, that if their people committed any excess, the Russian flag would be pulled down. We must not disgust these people, notwithstanding their ferocious habits; for they are our chief dependance after all. It is the dread of them, as much as hatred to the French, which has induced the Bocchese to come forward as they have.

At eight this morning our soldiers took possession of Castel Nuovo and Spanish Fort; every thing passed off very quietly, and a small

allowance of biscuit tranquillized the Montenegrins, who conducted themselves much better than we expected. For fear of accident, however, we suffered but few of them to enter the town. We have been very fortunate in obtaining possession of it so soon, for the fort is much stronger than we fancied; so much so, that brave soldiers might hold it as long as their provisions lasted. There are about two hundred and fifty Croats, and not more than twenty-six Frenchmen. The Croats will be sent to the Austrians, the French remain with us. We have nearly twelve officers, prisoners of war, on board, but a few days, I hope, will rid us of them all.

THE ENGLISH COMMANDERS
TO THE
BRAVE INHABITANTS OF CASTEL NUOVO
AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

We are sent here by the British Admiral to unite our forces with those of a brave, and (until the overwhelming ambition and tyranny of France rendered them dependent on her) a free people. Trade and navigation, which formerly made this a rich and flourishing country, has

entirely disappeared; deprived of all commerce for these last four years, it is reduced to poverty and misery. The advantages which England, in freeing this country from its oppressors, offers to its inhabitants is, happiness and tranquillity. She has no other object in view than to expel the French forces. We want neither money nor conscripts or forced conscriptions. We wish only that you should unite hand and heart in the cause with us, and never put the sword to its scabbard till your country is freed from her oppressors.

For this purpose you now see the British flag flying in the Bocca di Cattaro; for this object we will march hand in hand together; and whilst you continue to obey the orders of your chiefs, who are all actuated by the same principles as ourselves, we must succeed. But I warn you at the same time that the English flag will be no support to those who take arms under the cloak of expelling the French, and, in lieu of using them against the common enemy, basely turn them against their friends and brethren. Those are the worst sort of traitors, and woe to them if they are convicted of betraying the

sacred cause in which they are engaged! Obey then the orders of your chiefs. Preserve peace and tranquillity in your several concerns; let all private animosity cease till the great object in which you are engaged is obtained—when once that desired event takes place, trade and commerce, happiness and riches, will return.

The victories of the allies, of England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, over the French forces in Germany and Spain, render the issue of the present contest no longer doubtful. Trust then, brave Bocchese, to your friends the English, Austrians, and Russians, unite with them, and you will be, what you ever ought to have been, a free and independent people.

(Signed) WILLIAM HOSTE, Captain.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE BISHOP OF MONTENEGRIN.

H. M. S. Bacchante, off Castel Nuovo,
Oct. 17th, 1813.

I send the brave troops of your Eminence to wait your further orders, as the fall of Castel Nuovo and Espagnol will render their remaining there unnecessary. There is a good deal of ammunition in Fort Espagnol; if your Eminence

wishes for any part of it, I beg you will signify your commands to me. The wind prevents my getting up to Cattaro with my squadron, but I will take the earliest opportunity of going up.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

WILLIAM HOSTE.

FROM THE COMMUNES OF PERESTO TO CAPTAIN HOSTE.

The undermentioned Community having discovered that the fortress of St. George has been dismantled, which has occasioned a considerable sensation amongst the people, in order to inform themselves of the cause of this event, the said Community request the Captain Hoste of the British frigate to remember, that if the cannon which was taken away was for the purpose of reducing Cattaro, they cannot but approve of such determination; but if the contrary, the Community urge that the said artillery may be disposed of for the defence of their province, but not to be transported elsewhere, that our people may unite with that confidence and that fervour which is inspired by the national character, and with that faith which they have

placed in the great and generous power of Great Britain.

The underwritten hopes that according to the Proclamation published by the Commodore Hoste, exciting them to unite with good faith for the support of the common cause, he will likewise, in this instance, give an example to encourage more and more our province, without distracting the minds of the people to other things which at a more seasonable occasion might be determined and settled.

TO THE COMMUNES OF PERESTO.

H. M. S. Bacchante, Oct. 23rd, 1813.

GENTLEMEN,

I have thought it necessary to dismantle the fortress of St. George; as a sea battery, it cannot be a defence for your province, provided even it was rendered as strong as it is possible to make it. The stores and cannon, as belonging to the French Government, I have taken on board my frigate. If there is any claim on them from private individuals, let them make their claims known to me, and I will instantly render them justice, as far as lies in my power.

I return you the letter you sent me; I should be sorry to retain in my possession such a testimony of your distrust and want of confidence, which a more intimate acquaintance with the character of Englishmen will, I trust, do away.

We are anxious to fulfil the wishes of our Sovereign in freeing you from the gripe of French oppression. You have called on us to assist you; we are come. Do not disgust us with trifling complaints, or ill-grounded suspicions; be assured of our sincerity, and let not ill-disposed people, equally your enemies and ours, be your councillors or advisers; they are the friends of those who have tyrannised over you so long, and have made your country the spectacle it now presents. That it may resume its former wealth and splendour, is the earnest wish of my heart. Be certain then of my exertions.

W. Hoste.

TO THE BISHOP OF MONTENEGRIN.

H. M. S. Bacchante, Oct. 24th, 1813.

MONSEIGNEUR,

I have had the honour of receiving your letter of yesterday's date. I regret the dismantling the Island of St. George should have been taken in the light it has been by the inhabitants. It was done with the intent of securing the passage of Cattaro to the British squadron in case of any sudden change of circumstances. The guns shall be given back to the inhabitants; they were intended to be got up the mountains to act against Cattaro, but I shall not undertake that measure now, and shall confine myself merely to the blockade of the coast of Ragusa and Cattaro: with this intent, it is my intention to proceed to sea, and cruise against the enemy.

I have the honour to be, Monseigneur,

W. Hoste.

The Abbate Brounazzi has done much harm; his intriguing disposition has manifested itself here in a very active manner, prejudicial to the

interests of his own sovereign, of his allies, and injurious to the common cause in which we are engaged.

TO REAR-ADMIRAL FREEMANTLE.

H. M. S. Bacchante, Cattaro,
Oct. 24th, 1813.

SIR,

In my letter of the 17th I mentioned my intention of proceeding to Cattaro directly the wind would allow. Calms and contrary winds have prevented my getting further than the entrance of the Cattini channel, leading up to the Isle of St. George. The enemy, to the amount of five or six hundred men, have shut themselves up in Cattaro, and I was induced by the reports of the state of the garrison, and the scarcity of provisions, together with the wishes of the Bishop of Montenegrin, to summon the governor to surrender: this, however, he refused, which I expected he would do. The Montenegrins and Bocchese continue to blockade, and it is invested by sea and land.

I have before mentioned that the situation of the Isle of St. George completely
channel leading to Cattaro, and i

change of circumstances, it might be of considerable consequence to the ships of war; to the Bocchese it could not be of the smallest advantage: I therefore directed that the island should be dismantled, and as it surrendered to Captain Harper, I considered it completely belonging to us. I was therefore much surprised at a letter I received yesterday morning from some of the inhabitants, (I fear in the French interest,) that they could not see without much discontent my having dismantled the island; that it had surrendered to them, and that they felt themselves much aggrieved.

My answer to their letter I enclose you, and this day I received another from the Bishop of Montenegrin, which I also enclose, with my answer, expressing his wish that the guns of St. George may be restored.

I lost not an instant in complying with his request, though at the same time I was actually preparing to land them for the purpose of firing on Cattaro. This would have been a business of great labour and difficulty, if at all practicable; but finding I had such a litigious, turbulent people to deal with, I was determined to give them

their guns, and let them make the most of them, and shall confine myself in future to the blockade of the coast, to hinder supplies of men or provisions getting into the fort of Cattaro or Ragusa: for this purpose I have directed Captain Harper, of the Saracen, to remain at anchor off the town of Cattaro; Captain Lowan with his detachment of fifty men to remain at Fort Espagnol, to preserve tranquillity and give confidence to the Bocchese; and I intend proceeding myself with the gun-boats under Lieutenant M'Donald, to Ragusa Vecchio.

The people here are a sad set; they are jealous of us beyond any thing I ever saw; they wish to make us entirely their tools to get into Cattaro. I have told them our intentions are merely to get the French out of the country, and that, though they might wish it, I should not interfere in their internal regulations. I have promised even not to take their vessels coming from enemies' ports, and who are actually belonging to Bocca di Cattaro; indeed I have done all I possibly could to keep on good terms with them, but they have been so long under the rod, that they are overbearing beyond measure now the

yoke is off. I believe they find they have gone too far, and that I am not to be made their dupe; if their object was to get the guns, they ought to be satisfied. The places that surrendered by capitulation have been left in the same state they were in then, except two guns on the sea line of Castel Nuovo, which commanded the passage, and which I directed should be destroyed. The whole of the stores, guns, powder, &c. &c. have been given to the Montenegrins and Bocchese.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

WILLIAM HOSTE.

TO THE BISHOP OF MONTENEGRIN.

H. M. S. Bacchante, Cattaro, Oct. 24th, 1813.

MONSEIGNEUR,

I have this moment been favoured with your Eminence's letters of to-day; in answer to which I have only to say that the fortress of Cattaro being closely invested by land and sea, makes my stay here no longer of any consequence; I shall still however, be in the neighbourhood ready to act against the enemy, either here or Ragusa. I shall frequently look into the Bocca di Cattaro to communicate with your

Eminence. As to the congress which your Eminence informs me was to be held on Wednesday next, I must beg leave to observe, that I am not authorised to interfere in any arrangements for the internal regulations of the country; and from what I have seen of the disposition of the inhabitants, I fear my voice would be of little avail. I beg leave to inform your Eminence that I have ordered the fortress of Castel Nuovo and Espagnol to be evacuated by the British troops.

I have the honour to be your Eminence's obedient humble servant,

W. HOSTE.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Bacchante, Canal of Mezzo, Oct. 29th, 1831.

Having brought the affairs in the Bocca di Cattaro to a successful issue, we endeavoured on the 16th to make some progress towards Cattaro, but a very strong current, and either contrary winds or calms, baffled our efforts. On the 18th we paid a visit to the Archbishop, at his house, and you cannot conceive what a wretched hovel it is; he had only one room to receive us in. It contained but two chairs, is about ten

feet square, and was crowded with Montenegrins; for it rained in torrents, and we were, moreover, wet to the skin. But this is only his temporary residence; his *palace* is at some distance, and his zeal for the cause induces him to put up with these trifling inconveniences. Our reception was, notwithstanding, most gracious, and he appeared much gratified with our visit, as I think he ought, considering the weather. He moved his quarters a few days after, to be nearer Cattaro, the object, at that time, of our efforts.

It is impossible to figure to yourself a more delightful harbour than that of Cattaro, or a scene more grand and awful. The sides of the basins, for it contains many, are nothing but lofty mountains, whose summits, blasted by the fury of the Boreas, are generally enveloped in clouds, whilst the lower regions have some appearance of verdure and cultivation. The whole country, however, is not sufficiently fertile to maintain its inhabitants, nor affords the least inducement to the ambition of any being superior to a Montenegrin, to whom any change of country must be for the better.

We have quitted Cattaro rather in disgust. The gentlemen we came to liberate took offence at our disarming the Island of St. George, which we had taken ourselves, and which, commanding the passage by sea up to Cattaro, it would have been imprudent to have left in our rear, had we proceeded to that place as we intended.

The Bocchese convened a sort of congress amongst themselves, and sent a very impertinent letter to Hoste, who of course, not choosing to be dictated to in that manner, quitted the place, and came here, which is the nearest port to Ragusa, the other object of our mission to this part of the world.

The good people of Cattaro have so lately extricated their necks from the yoke of the French, that they have mistaken licentiousness for liberty, and the first proof of their independence is ingratitude to those who had set them free. The Austrians have sent a sort of commissioner with us, of the name of Brunazzo, to look after their interests. This man is an intriguing, self-sufficient priest, who would rather do mischief than do nothing. His tongue never ceases, and like most others who are continually

talking, says many things that are either false or foolish, or perhaps both. It is in a great measure owing to his suggestions that the Bocchese ever thought of objecting to our proceedings.

The guns which were on the island, and which were lawfully our prize, we intended to have dragged up an immense mountain, in order to batter the fortress of Cattaro. This would have occupied at least a fortnight, if it could be effected at all, and was solely for their advantage; as it is of little consequence to us who are masters of Cattaro, or whether the French are driven out immediately, or starved out six months hence. It is not in this extremity of Europe that the great game is playing, but in Germany, and on the Rhine; and whatever may happen to us here will not affect the issue of the great stake.

That we have disagreed with our illustrious allies has not surprised us — it was what we expected; for the greater part of them are mere savages, with just wit enough to be above bits of glass and rusty nails, and therefore the more intractable. Besides, there are so many clashing interests: the Bocchese are inclined to Aus-

tria, the Montenegrins to Russia, and by no means a small party wish for our protection. In consequence of these various and discordant feelings, we have always the three flags, of Austria, Russia, and England, flying on board, and on the places in our possession. This circumstance alone will let you into the secret, not to mention the intrigues of the French party, of which there are still some remains, and who make up by activity and experience what they want in numbers.

The archbishop is playing a deep game. His evident aim in paying court to us is, to procure powder and ammunition, of which he is in great want, but I am mistaken if a hundredth part of it will be expended against the French. Unless some power sends a large regular force, he and his hordes will overrun Cattaro and its neighbourhood, which, barren as it is, is, I am told, a paradise compared to the Monte Negro.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Lissa, Nov. 11th, 1813.

My last letter left us in the canal of Mezzo waiting for a fair wind to sail for this place,

where we arrived on the 1st. We did not go into the harbour, as Major Hesser of the thirty-fifth came off to the ship, to tell us that Spalatro, a town on the opposite coast of Dalmatia, had been evacuated by the French, and that it would be better to disembark there the Croats we brought from Cattaro, and who were a great nuisance on board, from their filth and numbers.

In consequence of this advice we sailed immediately for Spalatro, which we took possession of for Austria, and deposed all the French authorities, making prisoner the Subdelegué, who is a pleasant and well-informed man. Spalatro, or rather Salona, is famous as having been the birth-place of Diocletian, and the place of his retreat from the burden and cares of royalty.

The inhabitants of the inland regions of Dalmatia are a curious race of people, called Pandoors. They are nearly allied to the Albanians and Montenegrins in dress, ferocity, and barbarism. In some districts they are so uncivilized as to retain the ceremony of sacrificing animals previous to the commencement of any military expedition. Perhaps no part of the world is

less known than the interior of Dalmatia, or offers more to gratify the curiosity of travellers, if it were not for the almost impenetrable nature of the country, and the barbarism of the natives. We remained at Spalatro till the arrival of an Austrian force.

Immediately on our return here, an expedition was planned to surprise the Island of Lessina, the sole remaining possession of the French in this part of the coast. It was put into execution the night before last, and was composed of the marines of the Bacchante and Mermaid, and a company of the thirty-fifth under Major Hesser.

The expedition sailed at ten at night, with a fair wind and a full moon. It reached the island about two in the morning, and the troops were immediately disembarked. The thirty-fifth, under Hesser, marched to the town, while Hoste, with his marines, clambered the mountains in order to surprise Fort Napoleon, which is situated on the top of them, and may be considered as the citadel of the island. Major Hesser succeeded completely; he found the commandant and all his officers, about twelve men, in their beds, and

made them all prisoners; but there was no keeping possession of the town whilst Fort Napoleon remained in the hands of the enemy.

Hoste, owing to the length of the march, and the difficulty of finding the way by night over such rugged mountains, did not reach the fort till daylight, when, the enemy being on their guard, it was impossible to effect any thing against a regular fortress. It was summoned, but the officer commanding, who unfortunately did not sleep in the town that night, refused to surrender it; and as there was neither time nor means prepared for a regular siege, we returned to Lissa, bringing the prisoners with us. One man on the part of the enemy was killed when the thirty-fifth rushed into the guard-house, and we had one man slightly wounded in the arm.

Returned to act upon Ragusa, and whilst cruising against the common enemy off Manfredonia on the 20th of November, the Bacchante fired a few shot at a square tower in the bay, where lay a vessel, which the cutter was sent to bring out: a party of marines was landed under Lieutenant Gosling, and the tower entirely blown

up; but the loss of Lieutenant Gosling unfortunately attended that circumstance, who having incautiously fired the train instead of the port-fire, was killed on the spot.

Now that the coast was nearly cleared of trade, (for the many British cruisers who were there had distressed it to the greatest degree,) Captain Hoste returned to his arduous operations up the Bocca di Cattaro. In consequence of the numerous and various applications to him to arbitrate on subjects belonging solely to the internal policy of the provinces themselves, (from which he was ordered merely to drive out the common enemy,) he published the following manifesto, previous to sailing again up the Bocca di Cattaro.

H. M. S. Bacchante, off Ragusa, Nov. 28th, 1813.

So many references having been made to me from different quarters, upon subjects in which I feel myself by no means authorised to interfere, I do hereby make known to all those employed in any capacity whatever against the common enemy, that I shall aid their exertions with all the means in my power, in any way I may judge best, but I by no means take upon

direct either their movements, or the appointment of officers, whether civil or military, who may be requisite to carry on the operations. My sole object is that of aiding and assisting to expel the French from the country. That being accomplished, I shall have executed my orders, and shall proceed without delay to join the British admiral in the Adriatic. With regard to hoisting the Ragusa flag, this is no consideration of mine; it will of course be respected by the English, the same as that of any power acting against the troops of the French government.

(Signed) W. Hoste.

Through the narrow channels formed by the different islands and the main land, the currents ran peculiarly strong; and since they were at that time, as well as the wind, adverse to the course leading to Cattaro, the Bacchante was prevented making her passage without continual delays.

On the 12th of December she began the attempt, and from that day the labours of officers and seamen were excessively great: they almost

surpassed belief. On the part of the Commander-in-chief in the Adriatic, all assistance had been refused: on the side of the Austrians none came forward to share in the dangers and difficulties of regaining that territory, of which they intended finally to become possessed. It was, then, to the genius of the officer commanding the English frigate (one who had never undertaken any enterprise, however difficult, without finishing it happily,) that the credit of performing this work, which few would even have visioned, is due. But his lofty spirit, braving at once a sinking constitution and the apparently insurmountable obstacles to success, his eye revealing all the ardour of his own soul, inspired others with an energy beyond their nature, and thus his efforts were invariably crowned with victory.

Whilst alternately warping and sailing up the narrows leading to the town of Cattaro, the Bacchante was saluted by every fort. With strong winds, E.N.E. she worked into the Bocca di Cattaro under close-reefed top-sails. The squalls of wind were so excessively violent, that having worked up as far as Point Kot[illegible]

which point the room to work in did not exceed six hundred yards, she was obliged to bear up, and anchor under Castel Nuovo.

Having communicated with the officer at Fort Espagnol, Captain Hoste learned that the Saracen had landed one gun, and was at anchor off Peranza. The following morning he proceeded up the river in his gig with Lieutenant Milbourne, who was to command on that service, and reconnoitred the whole of the batteries and position of the enemy at Cattaro from an opposite range of hills, where on the mountain of Theodore, which completely commanded the fort and town of Cattaro by some hundred yards, he immediately determined to form a battery, to consist of two eighteen-pounders, long guns, and two eleven-inch mortars, for which work fifty-four officers and men were landed on the morning of the 14th with guns, stores, and requisite purchase.

In the forenoon of the same day, they commenced the laborious work of getting the guns up the mountain, which, from its height, added to its precipitous and rugged surface, was most difficult of ascent; so much so, that General Gauthier

had himself expressed a decided opinion, that were he not obliged to surrender until a battery could be erected on the summit of that mountain, he should have relief sent to him. The weather was then fine and cold; the work proceeded till dusk, when, without the slightest assistance from the inhabitants, the gun had been raised four hundred yards above the base of the mountain.

Early on the morning of the 15th the work was renewed, but with increased difficulty, the masses of rock proving too loose, and unable to support the purchase-strops, which rendered it necessary to cut grooves in the solid rock for that purpose. They looked in vain for assistance from the Bocchese; none came, though repeated demands had been made to that effect. Ten or twelve Montenegrins came for an hour or two, and others conveying sand-bags and different stores up the mountain. The day was showery and cold, yet the gun was raised to eight hundred and forty yards from the base of the mountain.

Captain Hoste marked out a line for the battery, in which the Saracen's gun, with some from the Bacchante, and mortars, were to

A twelve-pounder carronade and shells were landed, and carried up the mountains in the rear of Cattaro, to bear upon mount Tremite. A sail was sent on shore to form a tent, which was pitched under shelter of a projecting rock in the track of a mountain torrent, which was at that time perfectly dry, and proved most necessary, as the men getting wet through, and having no change of clothes, they suffered considerably when the labours of the day were over.

Notwithstanding the violence of the weather, constant heavy rain falling without intermission, considerable progress was made in the work on the 16th, and the gun was raised three hundred yards by the use of the kedge anchor, which was placed in its proper position, and then buried in heaps of fragments of rocks, which were scattered in profusion around, — the cutting through the rock proving too dilatory a labour.

The frigate daily continued her efforts to work up the river, although from the great number of men employed on shore, the hands were so few on board, that it was to the surprise of all that she could even be got under weigh. The ene-

my, who had hitherto only fired occasionally, now did so continually.

During the siege, Captain Hoste wrote the following letter, silent, as he invariably was, as to the extent of his own exertions, and how much his health suffered in consequence.

TO MRS. HOSTE.

Bacchante, before Cattaro, Dec. 18th, 1813.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I take the opportunity of a ship going to Malta from hence, to answer your affectionate letter of July, which reached me a few days since by one of my officers coming from Lissa. You have no idea how completely banished we are in this terrible hole; but I hope soon to be clear of it. They have sent me here to take a very strong place without the means of doing it. However I can but do what lies in my power. Be not alarmed, my best of mothers, for there will be no fighting.

It is a long time since I heard from dear Edward; of him I hear frequently, and the accounts are very flattering indeed. I know him so well,

that he only wants opportunity to distinguish himself, and you will see his name much oftener in the Gazette than mine. His captain (Moresby) is a very excellent officer, and Teddy writes me word he is as happy as the day is long. I believe he is now on the expedition that sailed from Trieste some time since for the mouths of the Po.

I am so completely in the dark as to what is going on in Germany, or in the civilized world, that you must excuse my letter being very stupid. We are busily employed before this place, and I hope in another month to write you that Cattaro has fallen to us. It will do us all credit, but no *pewter*. We have got guns up mountains which were deemed impassable; and the French general said he would give me six months to get one gun up: I have convinced him of the contrary in six days. He says it is a very *unmilitary* proceeding: I tell him English sailors do nothing like any one else, but they will *astonish* him before they leave him.

I have not been able to hear of young Mason or Dobson, though I have written repeatedly. They say that Murat has joined the Allies. In

that case they will soon join me again, and I assure you I shall be very happy to receive them. I have not an idea why they have not done so before, as it is now near six months since the French officers returned to Naples, for whom they were exchanged.

I shall write to my dear father by the next conveyance. How you would laugh, were you to see me here: I am general, admiral, governor, engineer, and complete jack of all trades. We have torn up trees (in getting the cannon up the mountain) that were *planted by Adam,* I should think, and have upset rocks that *were left there since the deluge.* I have seen much of English sailors, but they improve in *my opinion;* and let Lord Cochrane, or any other great character, talk of their decrease and decay, I know better. The same spirit still prevails that made us the masters of the sea; and with God's assistance, and our own exertions, will ever keep us so. The Yankees may take a frigate or two, with ships twice as big, and double the number of men; but that is not beating us. We have lost three frigates, but we did not lose one jot of national honour. When fairly considered, our frigates

are by no means a match for them; and yet with fifty more men I should be happy to try Bacchante.

Your last letters are dated in August. I shall certainly be in England next year, and I hope then, my dear mother, to make a longer stay with you, and enjoy a little of the society of those who are dearest to me in the world. God bless you, my dear mother. My love to Jane, and all hands, and believe me ever your affectionate son, W. Hoste.

The weather increased in fury; torrents of rain and gusts of wind, so stormy as at times to disable the men from standing up to their work. Yet the indefatigable little party, with their heavy gun, ceased not their labours through all the hardships of severe seasons; the want of shoes, which were destroyed by the rocky soil; the insufficiency of their machinery to perform so heavy a work;—still encouraged by their leader, they increased their exertions, and on the 20th their efforts were rewarded by placing their gun on the summit of the mountain.

Meanwhile another battery was marked out

and erected for a twelve-pounder carronade and a mortar, to be placed on the mountain to the north of Cattaro, to play upon the works; whilst others were constantly employed in conveying up the mountains shot, shells, casks, and filling sand-bags, to form batteries. A gens-d'armes, and two Italians, deserted from the enemy.

On the 20th a party of marines were landed to build a battery in the valley, but the inclemency of the weather prevented them from performing this service, and they were ordered to take shelter in the church, and remained there during the night. At noon a large mass of rock detached itself, and bounding down the mountain, happily cleared the tent in which a wounded man was lying.

The 21st the heavy gun was placed in the battery, and received there by a heavy fire from the enemy: the only answer made was reiterated cheers from the people. The remaining stores were conveyed up the mountain, the casks were set up in the battery ready for placing, and men and officers, for the first time for seven nights, slept upon their beds.

On the night of the 22nd, the battery was made, and every thing got ready for the guns, the carronade and mortar to the north were got into their places, and the party secured themselves. The weather increased in severity, and the 23rd a tent was pitched in the rear of the battery, on a slope, and sheltered from the fire of the enemy. The battery on the greatest height was ready to open its fire. A long thirty-two-pounder brass gun was conveyed to the white house, St. Elia, for the purpose of opening a battery there, but the want of tools, which were in use on Mount Theodore, prevented it. The besieging force begun, was now completed, consisting of one battery of two long eighteen-pounders, and one battery of two eleven-inch mortars on the mountain of Theodore; one twelve-pounder carronade and a mortar to the north-west of Cattaro; a twelve-pounder carronade on the south-east, and the rockets on Mount St. Elvies.

A party of marines was detached to reconnoitre and annoy the enemy from the mountains close in the rear of Cattaro with four large musketoons. The order had been given that

all the batteries should open their fire together on the 25th, and long before daylight all were standing in their respective stations, waiting the signal-gun from the captain, which sounded from the valley at sunrise. The firing was instantly returned by the enemy, and continued on both sides for some days. Some of the mortars constructed at St. Elia, and one at Dobrecta, to the left of St. Elia, on a rising and cultivated ground intended for two eighteen-pounders long guns, was erected under the immediate direction of the captain. The firing was kept up briskly on the 28th, until a considerable explosion took place in the enemy's works, followed by a cessation of firing from the mole-head works. From the 29th a brisk cannonading was kept up by both parties; the weather increased in inclemency, the men at times scarcely able to continue their labours.

During the 30th and 31st, however, three parties working at different spots, brought up two eighteen-pounders and one twelve-pounder carronade to bear against the town; and notwithstanding the constant and heavy fire of the enemy, the whole of the batteries were com-

pleted on the 31st, and ready, as the captain said, "to begin the new year with them."

January 1st, 1814.—At daylight, the British fire opened from all the batteries, and a launch with a howitzer threw shells and rockets into the town, which occasioned many fires. The enemy returned the firing, which continued with little interval till midnight. Two deserters from Cattaro during the night reported the garrison to be in a very wretched state; yet when a flag of truce was forwarded on the 2nd, they refused the terms offered them, and recommenced the defence, though evidently firing much less than before, and annoyed by the batteries on the mountains. A party of Montenegrins was now sent by their bishop to assist in the general assault which was prepared for; all were ready by sunset, when an order was sent to the batteries to cease firing, the French general having sent a letter to the English commander. The negociations continued for two days, the truce flying, and the people kept at their respective batteries, with orders to be ready for the assault at a moment's notice.

On the 5th, the French General Gauthier ac-

ceded to the terms offered, viz. that the garrison should surrender prisoners of war, to be sent to Italy, and not to serve against Great Britain or her allies until regularly exchanged. The batteries of the English were ordered to be dismantled immediately, and the stores sent on board the Bacchante. The Crocus sloop, which had arrived at Castel Nuovo a few days before, sailed with despatches. A large party of seamen and marines landed and took possession of the town and works; and on the 9th, General Gauthier and two hundred and ninety-seven troops of his garrison embarked.

Until the 16th, the crew were employed in getting on board various stores, &c. intended to act against Ragusa. The British seamen and marines were withdrawn from duty at the garrison, and the charge of the town left in the hands of the magistrates; exactly five weeks from the landing of the guns. Thus was performed, to the astonishment of friends and foes, a labour deemed impracticable by the French general, and with the loss of only one seaman.

Captain Hoste, in his letter to Admiral Freemantle, feelingly describes the zeal and activity

of those who assisted to bring this work to so happy a conclusion. "The mouths of the Cattaro are now freed of the enemy, Sir; and in bringing this business to a successful issue, the officers and men have exerted themselves to the utmost. We have received no assistance but from a few Montenegrins. We have had to trust to our resources alone, and we have found them in the zeal and perseverance which has actuated all parties; indeed all have tried to excel each other on this occasion. The torrents of rain, and the fatigues and privations attending an attack of a fortress like Cattaro at this season of the year, have been borne with a cheerfulness that entitles them to every praise."

TO THE GENTLEMEN OF THE CENTRAL COMMISSION FOR THE CIVIL AFFAIRS OF THE BOCCA DI CATTARO.

H.M.S. Bacchante, before Cattaro,
Jan. 6th, 1814.

GENTLEMEN,

On my first arrival in the canal of Cattaro, I made public the object the British admiral had in view, in sending a squadron of His Majesty's ships in this canal, namely, the expel-

ling of the French forces from this country: that object is now gained, and I shall immediately, after the French garrison is embarked, and I have completed the necessary arrangements for future operations, retire from the canal of Cattaro.

It is my intention to leave the keys of the city in the hands of the chief civil magistrate, and I request he may wait on me without delay.

I must acquaint you at the same time, that in the conversation between the French general and myself, every individual is prevented from entering the city of Cattaro till the French garrison is embarked; and until my own arrangements are completed, I have given the necessary orders that no person passes the gates.

I think it right to acquaint you that I shall take on board the Bacchante, the artillery and military stores necessary for the siege of Ragusa, from the works of Cattaro. Your committee shall be furnished with an account of them.

If you wish for a copy of the capitulation, I beg you will send a person on board to copy it, as I have not time sufficient to do it.

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, &c.

(Signed) W. Hoste, Captain.

TO THE EARL OF ABERDEEN,

H. B. M. AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY AT THE COURT OF VIENNA.

H.M.S. Bacchante, before Cattaro,
Jan. 10th, 1814.

MY LORD,

It is probable that the late occurrences which have taken place in this province will be officially made known to you from the Court of Vienna; particularly as they have not turned out so favourably for the interests of that court as might have been desired. I have thought it right to address myself to your lordship direct, as an opportunity offers for Vienna; and I shall merely state the events which particularly relate to the British flag, and the leading points of the whole affair.

The frigate I command was detached by Admiral Freemantle, in October last, to endeavour to expel the French troops from the province of Cattaro, and to support and encourage the natives in their endeavours to shake off the French yoke. I was told at the same time that an Austrian force would be ready to assist me, and that we should act in concert for the above object.

My arrival in the Canal di Cattaro was attended with the most favourable circumstances. The inhabitants of the whole province immediately took arms against the ruling government: Castel Nuovo, Fort Espagnole surrendered by capitulation to the British force; the island St. George was taken by assault; and the inhabitants of the village of Perasto seized upon the fort in that place, which compelled the French general to retire into the town and fortress of Cattaro.

During the whole of these events, not an Austrian soldier had made his appearance. The inhabitants and the Montenegrins, with the bishop at their head, who has acted under the Russian flag, and whose protection he claims, were the only assistance I have received. The blockade of Cattaro commenced immediately; the Montenegrins completely blockading it by land, and the British by sea. The Bocchese, at the same time, entered into a treaty with the bishop of the Montenegrins, by which the two provinces were to be united for their common safety against the French, and a committee was formed of the deputies from the various communes, for [illegible]

of directing the civil affairs of the two united provinces, calling themselves the Central Commission, and of which the bishop was the head.

His Highness the Archduke Francis, on his passage from Zante to Trieste, had detached a priest, named Brounazzi, for the purpose of encouraging the Bocchese to revolt, and to support the Austrian interests. This man arrived in the canal at the same time as myself; and I can assure you I have had more trouble with him than with all the French troops besides. He is a deceitful, intriguing character, but a poor weak wretch, and has employed what little talent he possesses, in exciting jealousies, and sowing dissensions amongst those who were the friends and allies of his sovereign, instead of trying to gain partizans from the bishop's party, who were acting for the interests of Russia: the Greek party of course were in favour of the bishop.

I have been obliged to act very decidedly against the abbot Brounazzi. He has thrown every obstacle he could in my way to hinder my gaining Cattaro, and I at last told him, if he ever interfered with my arrangements in future, I should order him on board Bacchante, and report

his conduct accordingly. He will make some representation on this subject, I do not doubt, on his arrival at Vienna, where I hear he is going.

In the early part of December I arrived here a second time, having been employed before Ragusa since November. No intelligence had yet reached me of the probability of the Austrians advancing, and I therefore determined to commence active operations myself. Cannon were landed from the shipping, and a heavy firing was continued for ten days on the castle and works of Cattaro.

On the 4th the French general requested our batteries would cease, and on the 6th the capitulation between him and myself was signed. The garrison laid down their arms, were considered as prisoners of war, not to serve against Great Britain, or her allies, till regularly exchanged.

Thus far the object, for which the British admiral had sent me here, was obtained. The mouths of the Cattaro were cleared of the French troops; but I was placed in a most awkward situation, by the arrival at last of the Austrian troops at Castel Nuovo, at the same time that

the Bishop of Montenegrin was acting with me under the flag of Russia. The inhabitants of the Bocca, with the Montenegrins, had protested against the advance of the Austrian general as far as Castel Nuovo, and the bishop acquainted him that his further progress would be the signal of hostilities, and that a civil war would immediately be the consequence.

The British flag was now flying at Cattaro, and I received a letter from the Austrian general, Metutenovitch, requesting I would convey his troops from Castel Nuovo to the fortress of Cattaro, as he could not march there by land without entering into hostilities with the Montenegrins. I answered his letter by saying that the object for which I had been ordered being obtained by the capture of Cattaro, I intended, as soon as I had received on board my frigate the artillery and stores necessary for the siege of Ragusa, to quit the Canal di Cattaro, to withdraw the British garrison, and leave the keys of the city in the hands of the civil magistrate.

In doing this, my lord, I hope to have avoided any unpleasant consequences which might have resulted from my arbitration. I must either

have offended the Russian flag, by allowing the Austrians to enter it, and on the other hand Austria would have complained (though with less reason) if I had allowed the bishop to enter. I have therefore left it to the Bocchese themselves, and I shall quit the Canal of Cattaro, I hope, on the 14th instant, for Ragusa, where I intend acting in concert with the Austrian general for the reduction of that place. In consequence of the representations of the Bishop of Montenegrin, General Metutenovitch has retired from the province of Cattaro altogether, and is returning to Ragusa.

I must observe that in the whole of this affair, I have acted without any precise orders from my admiral, and if there is any blame or any consequences likely to result from the measures I have pursued, I alone am the responsible person. Admiral Freemantle cannot be responsible for measures directed by me; but he was too distant to write to for instructions, and I have acted upon motives which at the time I considered as best calculated to avoid giving umbrage either to Russia or Austria, and most for the interest of Great Britain. It is probable

that some strong representations will be made to your lordship; however, the Austrians have been so dilatory in all that concerns this province, that I am not surprised at the difficulties which they now have to encounter.

I trust the contents of this letter will be an apology in itself for my corresponding with your lordship.

I have the honour to remain, &c. &c.

W. Hoste, Captain.

FROM THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

Chatillon sur Seine, Feb. 23rd, 1814.

SIR,

I have had the honour of receiving your letter of the 10th of January, and beg to congratulate you on the important acquisition, to which you have so largely contributed, of the town and fort of Cattaro. It is with sincere regret that I perceive from your letter, that this valuable conquest has not been made without giving rise to a subject of difficulty, which, if not speedily obviated, may prove the source of very disagreeable circumstances in that quarter. I am sorry that you found it necessary to employ

so largely the Montenegrins in this enterprise. I enclose for your information, the extract of a letter relative to these barbarians, which I wrote to Admiral Freemantle, in answer to a question from him on the subject.

But even if it was necessary to employ them in the reduction of this place, before the arrival of the Austrian force from Zara, I am at a loss to conceive how the just claims of the Austrian Government are thereby to be set aside; for I cannot imagine that the British force is employed for no other purpose than to expel the French from the Austrian possessions in the Eastern coast of the Adriatic, but also to place them under the government of His Imperial Majesty. Whatever flag the Bishop of Monte Negro may please to hoist, I conclude that the British Government continues to recognise the Emperor of Austria as the legitimate claimant to those possessions. It seems therefore impossible to admit any understanding or alliance contracted by the province of Cattaro without the acquiescence of the Austrian Government.

I am ready to pay a full tribute to the zeal which has directed your conduct, and the impar-

tiality of your views; but, at the same time, I may be permitted to lament the prospect of future dissension which the arrangement as it stands at present affords, and to express a hope that some means may be found to place this question on a footing which may give satisfaction to the different parties.

I have the honour to be with great truth, your most obedient humble servant,

(Copy.) ABERDEEN.

Extract of a Despatch from Lord Aberdeen to Rear-Admiral Freemantle, dated Francfort, November 20th, 1813.

In answer to your letter respecting the co-operation of the Montenegrins in the reduction of Cattaro and the Dalmatian fortresses, I have to inform you that it is the wish of His Imperial Majesty to employ as little as possible the means afforded by the assistance of this people, as from their savage characters, and the lawless ferocity of their manners, they must spread terror among the peaceable inhabitants, and produce ill will and hatred towards the troops of His Imperial Majesty.

TO THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

H. M. S. Bacchante, Trieste, March 11th, 1814.

MY LORD,

I have the honour to acknowledge your letter of the 23rd of February, and I again address myself to your lordship in answer to some parts of it, where you have been pleased to animadvert on my conduct relative to the affairs of Cattaro.

Your lordship appears to think I had employed the Montenegrins in the reduction of that fortress. I must assure you of the contrary; they were never employed by me in any way whatever. I found them before the place on my arrival, and with my feeble force I was glad to seize any co-operation which might obtain the chief end of my orders. The Bishop of Montenegrin was at their head, calling himself a general in the Russian service, and fighting under the Russian flag.

Your lordship observes, that even if it was found necessary to employ them in the reduction of the place before the arrival of the Austrian force from Zara, you do not conceive how the just

claims of the Austrian Government are thereby to be set aside. Permit me to observe, that I have never directly or indirectly interfered with the Austrian claims, or even had a voice on the subject. The force under my orders was employed to expel the French troops from the provinces of Cattaro and Ragusa: this was done without the smallest assistance from the Austrians, and I had received no instructions as to the replacing those possessions under the government of his Imperial Majesty.

I wrote repeatedly both to the British admiral and the Austrian general, requesting a force might be sent to support their interests; and to the latter particularly, that he would hasten his march, making him aware at the same time of the difficulties he would have to encounter from the opposite views of the Bishop of Montenegrin. Notwithstanding this, though General Metutenovitch did advance, it was not till the place had surrendered, and then without having determined on his entering Cattaro.

I do say that it is entirely their own fault that the Austrians are not at this moment quiet possessors of the province of Cattaro. I could

not have acted otherwise than I did; I had no force to garrison the place, and the Bacchante was wanted for other service. The keys of the fortress, therefore, were left in the hands of the civil magistrate, and thereby no partiality shown to one power more than another.

I lament the prospect of future dissension which the above arrangement may produce as alluded to in your lordship's letter, but I acted to the best of my judgment, and in the manner most calculated, according to my ideas, to prevent that dissension which your lordship seems so much to apprehend.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c. &c.

W. HOSTE.

Without further delay than was necessary to embark from Cattaro the artillery and stores required for the reduction of Ragusa, Captain Hoste proceeded with the Bacchante to reduce the latter place, and arrived off the coast the 19th. He immediately landed himself, reconnoitred the enemy's works, and discovering those points at which the most successful attack could be made, determined to place a battery of two

mortars to the northward of the city, and one of two eighteen-pounders to the south-east, up the mountains, to command the isle of Corma; the possession of which was of great importance, before they could further push their approaches to the town.

Here again were the same arduous labours to be exercised as had been so recently accomplished; the uninterrupted severity of the season debilitated the men, and by its fury, at times prevented their proceedings; and though few difficulties presented themselves in the formation of the battery, and placing the mortars to the northward, yet that of the two eighteen-pounders was attended with infinite labour, as the (Fort Imperial, in the hands of the enemy, commanding the straight road,) it became necessary to convey the guns round the back of the mountain, a circuit of six miles from the landing. This task was in some degree facilitated by the existence of an aqueduct, which supplied the city with water, and which passing two miles round the mountain, offered an easier mode of conveyance than the rough and precipitous path elsewhere.

On the 21st, the eighteen-pounder was land-

ed, and moved some distance up the mountain. The supply of water was cut off from the town, and the aqueduct used as a road, which, notwithstanding, required some caution; as being but eight feet wide, had the gun fallen on either side, nothing could have prevented it from descending into the valley beneath.

The convent of St. Jeremo was occupied by the Austrian troops, without artillery, and some Croat battalions. Lieutenant M'Donald, thirty-fifth regiment, with a detachment of fifty men, was there in a small felucca, but without guns or ammunition. Both were supplied from the Bacchante. The mortars were landed. The enemy made a sortie, and succeeded in throwing troops into Fort Imperial, as Lieutenant M'Donald found it in vain to attempt to rally the Croats, who could not be brought to face the French, from whom they had lately deserted. The enemy kept up a heavy fire from all their works, but on the 22nd the battery of two mortars opened their fire upon the city.

The Austrians were supplied with ammunition of every description by the English, and on the same day the French succeeded in throwing

more troops into Fort Imperial, and making some Croats prisoners. The heavy guns proceeded on their way; the indefatigable party slept upon the mountain, exposed to weather the most severe; but yet, aided by the same spirit and perseverance as before at Cattaro, the guns were placed in the battery, and ready to open their fire upon the city and fort by day-light on the 27th, when the French sent a truce to request a cessation of firing, and the capitulation was commenced for the surrender of the town and its dependencies.

Meanwhile despatches had reached the Commander-in-chief. The unlooked-for account of the reduction of Cattaro, and the intended attack on Ragusa, came to the admiral's ears at Lissa; and struck with astonishment at the performance of what he had considered wholly impracticable with so small a force, he immediately despatched the Elizabeth frigate, Captain Gower, to assist in the labours, and supersede the command of Captain Hoste. Fortunately for all parties, she only hove in sight while the capitulation was going on; and on Captain Hoste coming down from the town to give up the command,

Captain Gower very properly declined to pluck away a single feather of those glories which he could have no claim to, and the terms were signed by those who had conquered.

No discord or intrigue arose, as at Cattaro, on the subject of giving up the town. It was taken possession of by the British and Austrians, and General Metutenovitch expressed himself in the handsomest manner for the assistance he had received. Thus was taken a fortress of most difficult access by sea, mounting on the works and the Fort Lorenzo one hundred and twenty pieces of brass ordnance; on the Fort Imperial twenty guns; and eleven on the Isle of Corma; and garrisoned with three hundred and sixty men, provisioned for nearly six weeks, with only the loss of one seaman killed, and two severely wounded.

Captain Hoste immediately embarked his stores and guns; and on the 4th February he left Ragusa for Lissa, and thence sailed to Trieste, his health severely shattered, and many of his crew suffering from intense labour.

TO THE REV. DIXON HOSTE.

Bacchante, Trieste, Feb. 14th, 1814.

MY DEAR FATHER,

After some fag and trouble we have succeeded in taking Ragusa, which completes the object I was sent on by my admiral in October last. Wish me joy of having got over all my difficulties, and I am sure you will be rejoiced at it, as it will do credit to us all. The public papers will give you my letter both on Ragusa and Cattaro, so I shall say nothing on the subject, further than that the fatigue and labour we have all had has almost knocked me up, and we are arrived here with a large sick list. However, good living and quiet at this place will, I dare say, soon put us to rights.

I am quite delighted at Trieste; after having been near twelve months from any civilized place, this city appears a paradise. It is Carnival time, and you would suppose all the people were mad: nothing but masked balls every evening, and operas and plays without end. The admiral is here, and has been pleased to express

his *approbation* of Bacchante's conduct on all occasions. He has told me to-day he expects he shall hoist his flag on board her, and go to Ancona to see what is going on there. How I shall get on as admiral's captain I do not know, but I shall do my best. I think we shall have peace ere long. *Nap.* seems at his last shift, and peace is certain, whether he is victorious or not.

You will be surprised when I tell you that Teddy is again with me, and actually acting lieutenant of Bacchante. I hope he is confirmed ere this, but his commission is not arrived. Admiral Freemantle has given him the acting order. The news from this part of the world you will have heard of before my letter reaches you. Bellegarde has passed the Mincio, and ere this is most probably at Milan. Are not the rapid successes of the Allies almost beyond belief?

God bless you, my dear father. I hope to see you in the spring, or July at farthest.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Trieste, Feb. 26th. 1814.

I arrived here yesterday morning, and was amply recompensed for all my troubles on the passage, &c. by finding Hoste here. He has been rivalling, since I left him, the actions of Lord Nelson at Bastia and Calvi. The scene of his exploits was Cattaro and Ragusa. As I have seen the situation of the fortress, having gone with him up the mountains of Cattaro, which overlook the fort, on purpose to make a reconnoissance, I am all astonishment at his success.

During the siege, a Captain Angelo (aide-de-camp to General Campbell) who was a passenger on board the Bacchante, was sent into Cattaro with a flag of truce. The French general complained heavily of the use of rockets, and said it was a most unmilitary way of proceeding.—"Why," replied Angelo, "do you know with whom you are contending? You are not engaged with soldiers, who do all these things in a regular technical manner: you are opposed to sailors; people who do nothing like other

men, and they will astonish you before they have done with you." And astonished he was, I believe, for he was seen conveying the powder himself from a magazine, which was not bomb-proof, for fear of the rockets. The guns were left in the batteries, on the summits, as a memorial of the genius and courage of Englishmen.

The Emperor of Austria has sent Hoste the Order of Maria Theresa, in consequence of his success at Cattaro and Ragusa. I am delighted with this, though it is grating to reflect that services are better and sooner recompensed by strangers than at home.

TO THE REV. DIXON HOSTE.

Bacchante, Trieste, March 4th, 1814.

MY DEAR FATHER,

We are lying here now, reposing from our fatigues at Cattaro and Ragusa, and I hope in a few weeks we shall be all right again. I am quite glad to find George is again in active service: it will not last long, the war is drawing to a close, and I trust, for the happiness of the world, it will be over in a few months. I shall see you, my dear father, in the course of the

summer or autumn. I intend going home by land, unless any thing very extraordinary takes place.

I hope, long ere this, Edward has received his commission as lieutenant; but here I know nothing of it, and he has been superseded in the Bacchante by another officer. Surely they will confirm him at home; but I fear any thing from me would do more harm than good. I do not know why, but I am in the black book of the Admiralty of late; for I find they will not promote my first lieutenant, Hood, for his gallant conduct in the boats in June, and have reprimanded me, I understand, for having sent him. This reprimand the admiral has not shown me, but I know it exists. I should deserve it, had I sent the boats to attack so superior a force, but I was not aware of their strength; and if the lieutenant, notwithstanding their superiority, attacked and took them all, surely my being to blame does not take from his merit in executing the orders I gave him.

Mr. Yonge joined me a few days ago from Athens and Greece. He is quite well, and as good a fellow as ever lived. You must break

to Mr. Mason the sad account of his son's death. He was drowned in the dreadful gale in September 1812, and it is only now I have had the account from Naples, both of him and Dobson, who, I regret to say, died in the hospital at that place, some months ago.

Adieu, my dear father, and believe me ever your affectionate and dutiful son,

W. Hoste.

Soon after the date of the preceding letter, Captain Hoste was ordered on the blockade of Corfu; and having arrived off Paxo the 20th instant, he was informed that the inhabitants of Parga, situated at the opposite side of the Albanian coast, and then garrisoned by French troops, had sent a deputation to Paxo, expressing their determination to take up arms and seize upon the forts and garrison, should a sufficient British force appear before their town.

Captain Hoste sailed immediately, having received on board Honourable Major Sir Charles Gordon, commandant of Paxo, and proceeded off Parga, where, confident of his support on the 22nd, the people exchanged the French flag for

the British; and the town and works, garrisoned by one hundred and seventy men, were taken possession of by Sir Charles Gordon, with the marines landed from the Bacchante, who remained until the necessary troops arrived from Paxo, when they were embarked, and Captain Hoste returned to his station off Corfu; but for a short time only. His health became rapidly worse; from a rheumatic attack he lost the use of his legs, and he was at length compelled to request leave to be superseded in the command of his ship.

Previous, however, to having taken this step, after making a reconnoissance of the enemy's force at Corfu, at two P.M. on the 26th, the ship standing over to the Albanian shore, about three miles from thence, and about ten or eleven miles E.S.E. from the harbour of Corfu, she struck upon an unknown bank, and from the wind freshening with rain, and every appearance of an approaching storm, the situation of the ship became extremely critical, and it was not without considerable difficulty that she was got again afloat, and that, most fortunately, without further damage than the loss of nine of the eighteen-

pounder guns, which were so completely buried in the mud, that all efforts to recover them were ineffectual.

The exertions of Captain Hoste during this perilous time, occasioned him to be confined to his cot until his arrival at Malta; an account of which, as well as the preceding events, are detailed in the following interesting letters from officers on board at the time.

Caton Cottage, Ivy Bridge,
Sept. 22nd, 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

In September 1813, I think, we were sent before Cattaro, by Admiral Freemantle, for the purpose of assisting the natives to expel the French from their shores; and on our arrival we found the Saracen, with three gun-boats from Sicily, blockading the port. From this time all the forts at the entrance of the Bocca capitulated, and the island of St. George and gun-boats were taken. About this time some misunderstanding arose between Captain Hoste and an Austrian functionary, which obliged Captain Hoste to refuse receiving him any more on board,

and we went to sea, leaving the Saracen and gun-boats in the river, with orders to land a twenty-four-pounder during our absence, which, on our return, was accompanied by many others from the ship.

Here commenced, I believe, the death-stroke to Sir William's constitution: from being naturally of a weak habit of body, he hastened his death by his constant and unwearied attention to the work he had begun; frequently for nights would his clothes remain on him, wet as they were, in a climate either at the freezing point, or drenching us all with torrents of rain. How the people stood it, God only knows! and from my heart, I believe, with no other man could they have done what they did. I was not myself employed on shore; but when the captain came on board, as he often did during the siege, he was full of praises of the officers and men, and would frequently say to me, "This place will kill us all, but go on as you are doing; let us want for nothing, and in a few days I will introduce you to the French general."

After the fall of this place we anchored before Ragusa, where the guns were landed; but before

the batteries were completed Ragusa surrendered. Shortly after this affair, we joined the admiral at Trieste, where we refitted the ship, but not the strength of our captain and crew, as many of the latter were invalided and sent to England; but our captain, with a mind stronger than his constitution, kept up, though it was remarked by many of us what havoc Cattaro and Ragusa had made on his health, and we much feared losing him; and these fears were soon realized, for in less than a month, while cruising off Corfu, Sir William was taken ill, and lost the use of his legs. Still he must be doing, for getting a little better, and being desirous of seeing what force was in Corfu, we bore up to reconnoitre, when we discovered a frigate bearing a flag, and fifteen gun-boats lying in the harbour, and protected by numerous batteries; but even these were not considered by the French admiral a sufficient guard for his flag, for as we approached the harbour, the gun-boats took their station, forming a crescent outside their chief for his protection. Seeing we could do nothing (though at times within half gun-shot) we were retracing our steps, and when about five miles from the

frigate, going eight knots an hour, with a pilot on deck, and two leads going, we passed over a mud bank, and before we could recover the shock, were hard and fast on another bank.

At this time, Sir William was from fatigue of the day lying on his sofa in the cabin, and on my reporting to him what had happened, he said, "Let there be no confusion; if the ship will not back off, take in all sail together, that the enemy may not suppose us aground, but to have only anchored for the night, for coolness must be the order of the day;" and coolness and presence of mind were never so conspicuously shown in any one, as in him, our leader on this trying occasion. The ship not backing off, the sails were taken in together, and the ship made to all appearance snug at anchor.

Whilst this was going on, two gigs were sent in different directions, along the coast, in search of the Havannah, Cerberus, and Weasel; and as a further piece of deception, the telegraph flag with the distinguishing pendants of these ships, was occasionally hoisted with various numbers, signifying a communication between us and the ships, though not in sight, and occasionally re-

placed with our answering pendant, making it appear, as it did, to the enemy, that those ships were in sight, exchanging signals with us. By this time, the stream anchor was carried out, but not holding, a bower anchor was carried out astern at two cables, and a second at three cables before morning; during which time the salt provisions had been rafted, the water in the hold started, and pumped out under the direction of Sir William, who, unable to attend on deck, sat in his chair and superintended the working of the pumps, and encouraging the people, who would often reply to him, "Never mind, Sir, we'll have her off in time."

The wind freshening astern, and the anchors not holding, the dry provisions were got into the fishing boats, the main-deck guns thrown overboard from their respective port-holes, (their breechings becoming buoy ropes,) and every thing else done to lighten the ship; when at daylight, to our great joy, it being high water, and the wind changing to the opposite point, the ship floated, and we were soon once more clear of the shoals. The Weasel and gigs making their appearance, enabled us to give the people

some rest, while the Weasel took our place, and weighed all our guns but eight, so that by the third morning all was again right, and I believe we felt ourselves equal to any thing, and ready to meet the frigate and boats, had they come out, though short of eight guns.

Before receiving any of our guns on the second morning, a gun-boat was observed coming towards us bearing a flag of truce, which, on boarding, proved to be loaded with fruit and vegetables, a present from the Governor of Corfu to Captain Hoste, having at the same time on board a lady and her husband (a captain in the army), who came expressly to return thanks to Captain Hoste for his handsome conduct to his wife, when she was a prisoner on board the Amphion in 1808. I need scarce say that we entertained them well for three days, till our guns were replaced.

Sir William becoming worse, it was found advisable to proceed to Malta, where he was landed to recruit his health, and to wait for a ship going to England; and when it was known to the ship's company that he was no longer to command them, they appeared to me no longer

the same men; but on the day he came for the last time alongside and was hoisted in, every countenance brightened up with joy at once more seeing him who had so often led them to glory and victory.

In addressing them he said, "He hoped to hear of their success, that he should be happy to serve them, should he again be able to go afloat, and would not fail to mention their good conduct to the Admiralty." The people being about to cheer him, were stopped by me, (in consequence of my perceiving his state of agitation on quitting us,) until we had, for the last time, lowered him to his boat, when the ship was instantly manned, and I believe no man ever received three more hearty cheers. In a moment, as from a sudden impulse, he rose on his legs for the first time for three months, and returned the compliment; then dropping into the arms of the surgeon as if in a fit, was rowed on shore regretted by all, but by none more than,

Yours sincerely, LILAS HOOD,

Late First Lieutenant of H. M. S. Bacchante.

FROM DR. KIDD, SURGEON TO H. M. S. BACCHANTE.

Armagh, Sept. 30th, 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

If I could say that I had misspent any time which I could have made available towards answering your letter, I should certainly not consider myself free from blame for having it in my possession upwards of a week unanswered; but I really have been so engaged, that I could not find a moment to sit down to it, and now that I have taken up my pen, I am not aware that I can call to recollection much that would be interesting, of scenes which were once intensely so to me, but which from want of having somebody to talk to of them, who had either shared in them, or could understand them, have nearly passed away from my memory, or occupy it so loosely, as to appear at this day little more than the shadow of a dream long gone by. Yet one would think it scarcely possible to forget the heart-stirring scenes which I witnessed in the Bacchante, of which I was surgeon from the day she was commissioned till her pendant was hauled down; but more especially, or, indeed, I

may say exclusively, during that period of her service in which we had the happiness, as well as the glory of being commanded by Captain Hoste, for he was the heart and soul of all that was done in her and by her. He was, to be sure, gloriously seconded by a corps of officers, and a crew of Britons, that only required to be told his will, and to be shown the foe; other officers were as well supported, but how few made so splendid a use of them.

Never did I witness so much zeal, such a burning desire to turn to a useful account the command with which he was entrusted, as I had so many opportunities of observing in that gallant, much-lamented commander and friend, as I hope and know I might call him: and yet his delicate frame was not in a fit state to meet the arduous duties he supposed himself called on to perform.

During the summer of 1813, his health was manifestly declining, and he was frequently, though, indeed, not so frequently as he ought to have been, confined to his cot; and yet never was he more actively employed than through the whole of that summer along the Illyrian

coast, most of the strong places in which we either reduced alone or assisted others in doing so; but it was in the end of that year and the beginning of the next, that the heavy tasks of reducing Castello Nuovo, Fort Espagnol, Island of St. George, but, above all, the fortresses of Cattaro and Ragusa, produced such an effect upon his constitution, as I much fear he never entirely got rid of.

At Cattaro, such a boldness and originality of plan and design of attack were exhibited, as I think scarcely any other than he could have conceived; and these, it must be confessed, were carried into effect with a daring boldness, an utter recklessness of fatigue, privation, and danger, such as none but genuine British hearts could have accomplished. The enemy for a long time laughed at the design, and thought its accomplishment impossible; but Hoste, and the Bacchante's crew, ably seconded by their companions in the Saracen, taught them another lesson, during the formation of the batteries on the supposed inaccessible heights of Cattaro.

Our poor captain exposed himself very much; and several times he slept on the open mountain,

exposed to the inclemency of December and January nights. This, you may suppose, did not much diminish the delicate state of his health, and scarcely had the fatigues and dangers of this duty ceased, when he entered on others not much less severe, connected with the investment and capture of the French forces in the fortresses of Ragusa, which, I believe, was accomplished early in February 1814.

His health had now become alarmingly bad, and I often urged him to write for leave of absence for some time to recruit. This he at length complied with, but he still continued his exertions to annoy the enemy to the last; in consequence of which we were seldom a week out of hard work.

In March 1814, we took possession of the important, and (since) far-famed fortress of Parga. About the end of this month, wishing to reconnoitre the enemy's force at Corfu, where there was a garrison of nine thousand men, a frigate bearing a rear-admiral's flag, many gun-boats, and various privateers and other small craft; in returning out of the bay, we got on a shoal, and soon found that the chances were

either that the enemy would very shortly attack us, or that we should be obliged to abandon the ship, and make off in our boats. We were within a very few miles of the enemy, and the accident occurred directly in their sight, in the middle of the day. However, we hove the most of our guns overboard, &c. pumped and wrought incessantly the whole night, and till noon the next day, when she floated.

Our excellent chief was in every part and corner of the ship, directing and cheering the crew, his own cabin knocked to pieces for the purpose of getting hawsers out to the anchors astern, till at length, about the middle of the night, he told me he was not able to stand. I brought him a chair, and he sat by the chain-pumps and the capstern, during the remainder of it, encouraging the men at their duty; and even in the chair he seemed scarcely able to overcome his own faintness and weakness.

While sitting by his cot the next day, I said, what a fortunate thing it was that the enemy did not send out their frigate, as we must have surrendered, having so few guns on board, and we aground. His reply was worthy of him.

"I had prepared my mind for that. I would have sent a few of the worst of the sick and all the youngsters in one of the shore boats (some Turkish boats had come to our aid) to Paxo or Zante. I would have taken every other man with me into the ship's boats, well armed with cutlasses, pistols, tomahawks, &c. I would have laid a train to Bacchante's magazine; have waited the approach of the enemy on the off-side of the ship, till they were close to me; then setting fire to the port-fire of the train, I would have pulled off at once to the Frenchman, and I have not the slightest doubt we should have had her in Malta with us in a very few days."

However, things were otherwise ordered, and we were soon after in Malta, in Bacchante, where we parted with our dear captain, who was ordered to England for his health; and indeed I had some fear that he never would reach it. Never did I see a ship's company show more regret than ours did in parting with him who had so often and so gallantly led them through danger; and his eyes were full of tears as he went over the ship's side, amidst the heartfelt

and reiterated cheers of his sorrowing crew. Never did a more zealous or a more heroic man grace the glorious service in which he was engaged, than Sir W. Hoste, who, with truth, might be called the "*Chevalier sans peur et sans réproche.*"

TO THE REV. DIXON HOSTE.

Cerberus, off Elba, May 10th, 1814.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I have delayed writing to you for many weeks, and for many *good* reasons have done so. *Imprimis,* for these last six weeks I have been completely laid up with a violent rheumatic fever that has brought me to death's door. I was landed from Bacchante the latter end of April, at Malta, more dead than alive; and after fourteen days, quiet on shore at the governor's, I received leave from the Commander-in-chief to return to England for my health. Thank God, the war is over before I have retired; and I have seen out the severest, yet most glorious, struggle that ever Old England sustained.

On the 5th of May I was able to bear moving to the Cerberus, who is ordered to England,

but is to call at Genoa, on the Commander-in-chief, for any despatches. We are now on our way there, and I intend sending this letter by land from thence.

We have just spoke by telegraph an English frigate, the Undaunted, lying at Porto Ferrajo. She has telegraphed to us, "The Emperor *Bony* is here." Only conceive what ideas such an event must create: that Buonaparte should absolutely be confined as a state prisoner in this horrible island for life, appears almost incredible. The man who, a few months ago made all Europe tremble, is now a prisoner in an almost desolate isle in the Mediterranean. There is nothing like it in history. Surely the hand of Providence was never more clearly manifested than in the rise and downfall of this wonderful character. I can hardly believe it, though at this moment I am looking at the prison which contains him. We may say with Dr. Johnson,

> "He has left a name at which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral or adorn a tale."

To-morrow, or the 12th, we shall be at Genoa. I am still so weak and debilitated as not to be

able to move without assistance, but not confined to my bed. It has been a hard *boat* with me this time, but thank Heaven and a good constitution, I have escaped. I quitted Bacchante with regret, and I may say, without vanity, the regret at parting was mutual. Captain Stanfell, of the Cossack, is appointed to her. I congratulate you most sincerely on dear Edward at length being made lieutenant. The Commander-in-chief has ordered him to the fleet to receive his appointment, and he is now with me on board the Cerberus for a passage to join him. I will let you know what ship he is named to.

Conceive my joy at seeing in a Gazette, before I quitted Malta, that dear old George has received the brevet rank of major. I congratulate him a thousand times. It is a feather in his cap, for he has had sharp work in Holland. I hope he is, ere this, with you in England, and that before two months are over, we may all meet and rejoice at the conclusion of a war which has so long deprived us of all domestic felicity, and been so productive of misery to suffering Europe. How thankful our family

ought to be, that in a war, sanguinary beyond precedent, three sons whom you have had fighting their country's battles, have all escaped the sword, and will, I trust, return to you, with some small portion of credit, I hope, and at least the consciousness of having done their duty.

Oh, my dear father, how proud I feel that I am an Englishman, and have lived to see my country in her present exalted state. A long *inglorious* peace will be the consequence, and I shall get my *flag* when I am no longer *fit* for command. Never mind.

I hope to see my dear mother and all hands at Godwick in the middle of June. As I am only a passenger in the Cerberus, with a very good fellow, an old Adriatic cruiser, I shall be able to join you directly we are out of quarantine; but I am recommended Cheltenham for a fortnight: however, we will talk over these matters when we meet. God bless you, my dear father.

The last I heard of Yonge was by a letter dated the 29th of March. He was then waiting for me at Trieste, that we might go home together by land. My illness has, however, put

that *voyage* aside; and I suppose he has, ere this, set out without me: he was quite well. My best love to all, and believe me, dearest father, ever your affectionate son,

W. Hoste.

BOOK V.

FROM 1814 TO 1828.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest;
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

COLLINS.

BOOK V.

FROM 1814 TO 1828.

RETURNS TO ENGLAND. — DELICATE STATE OF HEALTH. — MADE A BARONET, AND A KNIGHT COMMANDER OF THE BATH. — MARRIES. — GOES ABROAD. — APPOINTED TO THE ALBION, A GUARD-SHIP. — AFTERWARDS TO THE COMMAND OF THE ROYAL SOVEREIGN YACHT.—CRUISES WITH THE LORD HIGH ADMIRAL.— CONDUCTS DON MIGUEL TO THIS COUNTRY. — DECLINING STATE OF HEALTH.—RALLIES.—GOES TO PETERSHAM AND COBHAM.— RETURNS TO LONDON. — LAST ILLNESS, AND DEATH. — CHARACTER.

On the arrival of the Cerberus in England, Captain Hoste was in too delicate a state of health to do more than be landed at Portsmouth, and soon after took up his abode at a house at Gosport, as being of a less confined air and in greater quiet. The celebration for a general peace took place during that time: the Allied Sovereigns met at the first port of the first country in the world, to commemorate on that

element the peace which her heroes had principally assisted in bringing about. There from the window of his house, and confined from illness, brought on solely by exertions in his Country's cause, the hero of the Adriatic beheld her naval splendour, unable to share in the enjoyment, or receive amongst his brother officers the homage due to his meritorious services.

The promotion of his brother, hardly earned and most richly deserved, was the only acknowledgement he received at the time, for the judgment and bravery of his conduct, for the unwearied activity of his exertions, and for all the fatigues, anxieties, and perils to which his life had so nearly fallen a sacrifice.

In July, however, he was made a Baronet, and returned to his friends in Norfolk after some months. His health long continued to suffer. But timely rest, after a service of three and twenty years, (out of which he had been only one year and three quarters on shore,) and the enjoyment of hunting, a sport he was passionately fond of to the end of his life, assisted gradually to restore strength and promote health,

and he was still spared to bless his family for several years.

On the return of Napoleon to Paris, and the recommencement of hostilities, he failed not to apply for employment; but not obtaining any, he continued to hope for it and remained in England.

In January 1815, the new Order of the Bath was formed, and amongst others, Sir William Hoste received the honour of knighthood as a Knight Commander. In the first arrangement on that subject, it was determined that from those who were to receive it, all medals previously gained for individual distinction should be withdrawn. When the title and dignity was offered to Sir William Hoste, the medal was demanded, his answer was expressive of all he felt for himself and brother officers of distinction; that he would never relinquish that which himself had gained, independent of the favour of any one. It was indeed the sole mark of distinction that had marked the glorious battle of Lissa, and one for which he could feel indebted only to himself.

In consequence of the resistance thus offered

by himself and some few others, the demand was no further advanced. At the same time, the following honourable augmentation was made to his arms: in chief a naval crown, pendant therefrom by a ribband, a representation of the gold medal given by His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, for his distinguished conduct on the 13th of March 1811, subscribed "Lissa." Crest —out of a naval crown, the rim encircled with a branch of laurel, an arm embowed, grasping a flag staff, flowing therefrom a flag inscribed "Cattaro." He had considered the reduction of Cattaro as the first of his achievements.

In April 1817, Sir William Hoste married the third daughter of Horatio Earl of Orford; and a few months after they left England to visit the interior of those countries of which he had hitherto seen only the shores. Intimately acquainted with the details of ancient as well as modern history, minutely informed on every circumstance in the last struggle for independence by the allied powers, each scene was beheld with lively interest, from recalling to mind the judgment, the perseverance, or heroic acts of the victor or vanquished through Paris.

Arrived at Marseilles, during a month's residence there, in continual conversation with the seamen frequenting that port, he found himself no stranger amongst them by name. When at Leghorn, many were the visits received from those who had known him as a youth under Lord Nelson, and whose property had been twice rescued through his exertions from the plundering hands of the invading French. From thence by Pisa and Florence, to Rome, where so many of all countries of the world are assembled, he could not fail to be made to feel his own value, by the manner in which he was sought by all.

Prince Ittalinsky, then Ambassador from Russia to the See of Rome, recognised him as the distinguished and deserving *élève* of Nelson: he received him with marks of real attention and regard, congratulating himself on again meeting one who had proved himself, subsequent to their first acquaintance, so well deserving the high opinion formed of him. He was greeted in whatever place he remained, received with pleasure by all his former acquaintance, and with

respect by all who were made acquainted with his name.

His domestic happiness was at this place much increased by the birth of his eldest son. Yet some clouds would overshadow the brightest enjoyment — continual attacks of ill health, which, though struggled against with a spirit that never could be cast down, too frequently embittered the hours which otherwise would have passed in unsullied bliss. His tender nature also was wounded, and his just indignation raised, at the continual neglect of his application for employment: sensible as he was, that none had served with more credit to themselves, or honour to their country; that few who met with encouragement could have laboured more to deserve, or merited more to obtain it.

In the autumn of 1819 he arrived with his family in England, after being detained at Pontarlier for some weeks, by a severe fever and attack on his lungs; his health continued to suffer from the effects of it for many months. During their residence in Norfolk for eighteen months, he could scarcely ever be said to enjoy even a temporary degree of comfort.

In the spring of 1820 he received the offer to take the Creole frigate to South America, to receive the broad pendant of Commodore Sir Thomas Hardy, then commanding on that station, and to return to England in command of the Superb, seventy-four, to remain at Plymouth as a guardship; but as the appointment offered little beyond a separation from those who possessed all his affections, with the doubtful enjoyment of the advantages of a guard-ship on his return to England, it was declined: feeling sensible that, distinguished as his services were, the benefits of an appointment at home might be conferred, without the unnecessary pain of leaving his domestic happiness, to seek it first across the Atlantic.

On the general promotion, in the summer of 1821, he again solicited one of the many guardships left vacant by that event, but could not obtain one; he was, however, allowed to hold a yacht until the arrival in England of the officer appointed to her.

In June 1822, the Albion, seventy-four, was commissioned by Sir William at Portsmouth, as a guard-ship, and he fixed his residence, with

his family, in a small house at Hamble, within reach of all the duties the ship required, to which, whether in peace or war, he was always scrupulously devoted. There, amidst his family, and within reach of a few friends, his time was spent in the enjoyment of sailing, hunting, and his garden, in cultivating which he took the greatest delight, while reading filled every otherwise vacant moment. Yet many were the severe attacks of illness which he suffered, and though supposed to arise from various causes, yet the fatal tendency of his own constitution was the foundation for all.

There he eminently showed the interest he felt in all relating to his profession. The small complement of men allowed at that time on board the guard-ships, as well as those actively employed, was a subject of deep regret to him; for he considered, and always expressed it as his opinion, that however few were the number of ships in commission, they should each be efficiently manned, as in times of war, ready at a moment's notice to strike the deadly blow that should be expected from the first maritime country in the world. To be continually exposing

to the view of other countries the undiminished power of the navy of Great Britain, he thought greatly essential to assert her importance. He much wished, both for that reason as well as to practise the men and officers, that the guard-ships should cruise every summer, instead of lying in obscure inactivity in the several ports of the country.

The depressed state of the navy at that time, he felt, if continued, must ultimately be the ruin of Great Britain; but no consideration on the subject touched him so deeply as the situation of the British seamen in time of war. He lamented that no means were provided, by which a fleet could be manned without denying to one set of men exclusively the liberty of a British subject. He considered, that, by offering a fair bounty on entering the service, and that service to be of a limited duration, men would be found willing to serve on board men of war —would be glad to do so: the heart-rending scenes that continually present themselves along the sea-coast and river banks, would be terminated; whilst the country would no longer present to the view of her people, as well as those

of other countries, a practice sanctioned by government, so much in dereliction of the spirit of the British constitution.

It was necessary to begin in time of peace, that there might be men ready on the breaking out of the war; and how greatly some change was necessary, was fully proved by the difficulty that arose in manning all ships, when put in commission, in time of peace, and the guard-ships seldom having their full complement of men. To man his own, he spared no pains, and sent to the different sea-ports to receive such as were willing to enter the service; but his measures were frequently rendered abortive by the interference of other instruments of government, and the result was, having constantly a reduced number.

In June 1825, on a general promotion, the command of the Royal Sovereign yacht was given him, an advantage that was highly gratifying to him. In September following he sailed with her to Antwerp, to bring to England their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Clarence. In a severe gale met on their return, the yacht was obliged to put into Yar-

mouth. It was then that his Royal Highness had an opportunity of observing the admirable seamanship of her captain, and the justice with which he had himself addressed him, as "the favourite *élève* of his early and lamented friend Lord Nelson." Neither did he fail to acknowledge his thanks for the great attention and consideration shown to afford comfort to their Royal Highnesses during their stay on board. The following year the same duty devolved on him of conveying across the channel to the Continent, and back to England, the same illustrious party.

In 1827 his Royal Highness the Lord High Admiral cruised in the Royal Sovereign yacht to the different ports of England; and the health of Sir William having much failed during the preceding winter and spring, was, under constant fatigue and exertion, necessary from the many duties that devolved upon him in that service, so much exhausted as to oblige him once to keep his bed. A constant cough was observed by those around, and he returned to his home, much needing the rest he allowed himself only there. He had, however, in that short

voyage, the pleasure of seeing the naval ports which he had not before examined, and the gratification of feeling the value with which he was regarded by all connected with his profession.

Arriving at Plymouth, he attended a public dinner given in honour of his Royal Highness, whose health was drunk; and immediately after, the president proposed the health of the captain of the yacht, expressing himself sensible that to his Royal Highness, as well as to all present, no one could appear more deserving of the next toast, and congratulated all on the opportunity, now for the first time offered for doing so. His thanks were returned in a few expressive words: then, unable to retain to himself praise which it was possible for others to participate with that cheerful grace which ever distinguished him, he turned to his gallant and estimable friend, Captain Sir James Gordon, requesting he might be united with himself in their good wishes; and drawing forth the cheers and good feeling of the whole party, all joined in wishing health to the distinguished friends.

Returned from that cruise, he conveyed the

late Queen Dowager of Wurtemberg to Holland, from whence he had brought her in the preceding spring. The night after embarking, a dreadful storm was encountered, and his calm intrepidity manifested on that occasion was expressed with admiration to a friend, by all the attendants on that court, as well as their thankfulness for his kindness and humanity. Similar sentiments were felt by the attendants of an inferior class, for none were neglected. The winter succeeding brought ill health, though to the eyes of common observers, or those who saw him for a short time, such was the brilliancy of countenance that no lurking mischief was ever suspected.

Ordered in the month of January 1828, to proceed in the Admiralty yacht to Calais, to receive Don Miguel, Infant of Portugal, and conduct him to this country, the severity of the weather had so injurious an effect as to confine him to his room at that town. Returning up the Thames, through one of those heavy fogs which encumber that river and conceal from sight the nearest objects, he forwarded by land from Gravesend, that his Royal Highness would

be at Deptford at two o'clock on that day. The account was received at the Admiralty with ridicule, deeming it impracticable even to navigate in such a state of weather; but the Honourable Capt. R. Spencer, well knowing the person who forwarded the account, asserted, that as it was announced, so it would be done, and the salute at Deptford was heard at that hour.

In consequence of the extreme and unceasing attention which Don Miguel received on board the yacht, he transmitted through the Foreign Office, a gold snuff-box to be presented to Sir William Hoste. But his keen sense of honour and duty would not suffer him to accept it, though highly gratified with so handsome a testimony of his conduct; he replied without hesitation, that he had only acted in strict accordance with the orders of the Lord High Admiral, and added, in the dignified language of conscious integrity, "I cannot reconcile to my feelings as an officer, the receiving a recompense from any foreign prince or potentate, simply for executing the order of my own Government."

This excursion again brought on another

attack of illness, but none suspected the fatal ravages which from time to time were working on his enfeebled constitution. His usual occupations were pursued with avidity, and he was continually employed in his garden at Cobham, where he then resided. A frequent return of cough neither prevented that nor hunting, for which amusement he made a visit in Sussex in the month of April; and having had a fall from his horse, he returned home sooner than he had proposed, on account of continued indisposition, and from that time rallied but little.

A constant cough soon after came on, attended with symptoms indicative of inflammation of the pleura, and after suffering for some time without attempting any remedy, medical advice was taken, and the symptoms were quickly removed.

A most gratifying letter was at this moment addressed to him from the Lord High Admiral, mentioning that it was the intention of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Clarence to embark on board the Admiralty yacht to proceed to Calais, for the purpose of bringing back to Dover her mother, the Dowager Duchess of

Saxe Meinengen, and that it would be particularly her wish to be attended by Sir William Hoste on this excursion. The proposal was received with sincere pleasure, and looked forward to with gratification; yet so precarious was his health at that time, that the anxiety of his friends led to the inquiry whether or not the exertion could be made with safety; and it was given as an opinion, that provided there was no exposure to night air, the sail might be rather of advantage than otherwise.

They sailed on May the 28th from the Dock-yard, Deptford, and the wind proving contrary for their passage, the yacht was anchored off Margate. In the night, (during which the wind freshened and continued adverse,) regardless of every consideration but that of safety and comfort for his illustrious passenger, he rose twice to expose himself to the night blast, to arrange every thing that could most conduce to the expedition and facility of the voyage.

They landed at Calais the evening of the 29th, when the dullness of the air had increased the cough, and after a feverish night, the next morn-

ing brought the first appearance of the rupture of a blood vessel. Overcome for the first few hours with all the increased illness which his recent exertions had brought on, yet ever anxious to conceal from others his own sufferings, he rose in time to attend to all the duties required of him, and his never failing spirit drove away even the appearance of disease.

On the 31st, having crossed the Channel, they reached the Admiralty at night, and the flattering and warm expressions of regard from his Royal Highness on their arrival, seemed more than sufficient to make him set aside all feeling for himself.

Returning to his home, and resuming his accustomed habits in retirement, symptoms of malady daily increased, and at the end of a week he was again compelled to seek for medical advice in London. His illness seemed to increase, frustrating the efforts of medical aid, and the refreshing air of the country, to which he continually returned, till he at length was resolved to fix in London entirely, and was confined to the house, where increased weakness and

aggravated symptoms forbade him to conceal from his mind the great apprehension which must be felt for his recovery.

As the hectic fever became more severe, he was confined to his bed for some days; he expressed an earnest desire to see his eldest son then at school, who was sent for, with the friend under whose care he was placed, who administered the sacrament on the moment of his arrival in London, the patient from weakness then being strongly possessed with the idea that he should not outlive another day.

The Hon. Captain R. Spencer, on receiving an account of the state of his friend, immediately attended his request to see him. Intimately acquainted with all relating to him, and long accustomed to appreciate his worth, it was not without feelings of the deepest sorrow that he had received the intimation conveyed to him; but on perceiving the heavenly resignation that fully possessed the mind of him to whom he addressed himself, he thanked God, he said, at finding him thus supported against the approaching trial.

"If," continued he, "it should unhappily

prove as you foresee, which Heaven in its mercy avert from us, you will feel assured that your children are left a legacy to the country;" and he left the bedside, not till he had received the last wishes of his friend for the advantage of many in a lower station of life, who had looked forward to his interest and distinction for advancement in the line of profession they had taken.

Many and unceasing were the anxious inquiries of all, in every station, who previously had felt his value or enjoyed his acquaintance: had any proof ever been wanting to show the estimation held for real merit, the tribute of regard and interest now evinced from every country in which he had resided or visited, in every port where he had appeared, both by written expressions of solicitude, and the many who hurried to London to take, as they feared, a last farewell of one who had so highly graced every scene in which he had taken a part, and every society in which he had been known, would have shown how dearly he was loved, how universally regarded with interest.

After having detailed his brilliant achieve-

ments when his Country called forth his exertions, and while the possibility of bodily strength remained to his delicate frame, let us follow him when confined to the couch of sickness, there to trace the same transcendent character when withdrawn from the sight and vain adulation of this world, when all its glories were quick passing away, when his earthly concerns were arranged, —and then, as ever, he was in peace with all mankind, his whole soul and every thought were directed to Him, who had been the "strength of his health," and had "shielded his head in the day of battle:" who, when cut off in the noontide of every earthly happiness, when torn from the bosom of an adoring family, could alone give strength to encounter the struggle, and joy in beholding it, and prove with unspeakable mercy, that none ever trusted in Him and were confounded.

So devoted seemed every thought to another world, so free from all remains of earthly things, that a wish for recovery no longer appeared to flutter around his heavenly rest. Once only he spoke as though the mind had visioned what, under other dispensations, might have taken place.

On looking at his children, who were one morning quietly occupied near him, "Had it pleased God," he said, "to spare my life, I should have had great pleasure in seeing them grow up:" but no sooner was it said, than the thought had passed; for quietly drawing his hand over the slightly tinged eyelids, the heavenly spirit again beamed on his calm and still brilliant countenance.

Many weeks passed on in constant suffering and aggravated symptoms, distressed with shivering and pain by day, with burning heat and restlessness by night, yet he still continued to leave his bed for several hours in the day, still with patience and resignation waited the time of his calling, looking only to Him who could do all things to deliver his soul from death, and take him to everlasting rest. Reduced to nearly a hopeless state of weakness, it pleased the Almighty to spare him yet a little while; and through the zeal, the skill, and perseverance of his medical adviser,* he gradually rose to greater strength and release from suffering, than at one time the most sanguine hopes could have anticipated.

* Dr. Warren.

His improvement in health seemed to open some prospect of comfort to his surrounding friends. Once more the distant horizon was gilded with hope; the view once more arose, that still his life might be preserved to bless those around him, to watch the growing years of his children, and lead them by his example and precept into manhood. Fallacious hope! But what though no lengthened years of health showered blessings on all belonging to him, though never again his services shone to adorn the historic page, yet should any repine? Rather rejoice that even some few months were added with comparative enjoyment to his life; that for many weeks he was relieved from acute suffering; that feelings of reviving health called forth from his tender and grateful heart unutterable prayers of thankfulness, and that the strengthening power of hope supported to his last moments the anxious minds of those who watched around his bed.

In the month of September he was so far recovered as to be able to move into the country; and he went with his family to remain at Petersham, where he enjoyed the society of many

friends around, and spent much time in the open air, driving or riding his pony, apparently to himself rapidly recovering. Frequently he expressed that he felt himself entirely free from disease, but the keenness of the air in the middle of October brought on a return of inflammatory symptoms, which were, however, treated judiciously, and passed off: but on moving to take up his abode at Cobham for the winter, he became sensibly worse, from a return of fever and oppression, as well as increased debility.

His spirits were greatly overcome at the return to his home in so changed a state from that in which he had formerly resided there. The sight of the flower-garden, which he had cultivated with his own hands, and laboured incessantly to adorn in every part, appeared to bring only a sadness of recollection, deprived, as now he was, of taking any part in his former occupations, or even overlooking what before he had so greatly enjoyed.

With these feelings, accompanied with a sense of increasing malady, he determined to leave his house at Cobham, not to return till the spring following, and to fix in London, within

immediate reach of that advice from which he had previously received so much benefit. On reaching London, a slight improvement showed itself, but the feeble constitution was worn to the last. In a few weeks he became confined entirely to his bed; continued and increasing suffering allowed him no repose, and the frame at length wearied with continual efforts to rally, his holy spirit was received without a struggle to the bosom of his Saviour, December 6th, 1828.

The earthly remains are deposited in the church of St. John's Wood; but where is the name? deep wrapt in the bosom of his Country; deeper still in the hearts of those, who, through faith, can look to meeting the "spirits of just men made perfect," and when re-united to his beatified soul, can await with him their long-sought, highest reward: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

He left six children, William, Theodore, Caroline, Psyche, Priscilla, and Wyndham.

FROM REAR-ADMIRAL SIR JAHLEEL BRENTON, BART.

It would be the height of presumption in me to suppose, that any testimony I could offer as to the public character of my ever-to-be-lamented friend and brother officer, the late Sir William Hoste, could in any way add to the brilliant reputation which his faithful, zealous, and enterprising services have obtained for him, and to which so much willing and authentic evidence has been given by the distinguished flag officers under whom he served, and whose monuments he so frequently contributed to raise, if not by commanding a ship of the line in their fleets, at least by his indefatigable and intrepid conduct in the execution of his duty whilst captain of a frigate, by his vigilance in procuring information, and by harassing the enemy in every part of their coast within the limits of his station, with such rapidity of movement and vigour of attack that their troops were kept in an incessant state

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of fatigue and watchfulness, preventing the possibility of any detachments being made for the general army, and giving at the same time such perpetual interruption to the coasting trade, that commerce was paralysed throughout the neighbouring territory; or if vessels were permitted to sail, through the stimulus given to merchants by the high prices their goods fetched at the ports of destination, by far the greater part became a prey to our cruisers. Such, and in a very eminent degree, were the services performed by my gallant and distinguished friend. That I could call such a man my friend, was ever a source of the highest gratification to me; and I look back to the short period in which we served together, as by far the happiest and most animating of my professional life.

As a brother officer and contemporary in rank, I had long felt for Hoste that general respect, and even admiration, which his conduct claimed for him. But it was not till 1809, when sent to take the command of the squadron in the Adriatic, of which his ship, the Amphion, was one, that I was enabled fully to appreciate his

worth as an exemplary officer, and a most amiable private character. The impression made upon me by what I observed in him in both these relations, will never be effaced from my mind. I viewed him as one most likely of all the officers I had met with, to tread in the steps of the most eminent of our naval characters — there was in him that promptness, alacrity, and decision, that zeal and discretion, which holds out so great a promise of future distinction; and the manifestation of these qualities was mixed up with so much cheerfulness of disposition and kindness of heart — such inexhaustible good humour, that whilst he preserved the strictest discipline, and kept his ship in the most efficient state, he was universally beloved, and followed with enthusiasm.

His ship was kept in that kind of order and arrangement, which proved his system to be solid, and not superficial—every contingency was provided for — the plans for the annoyance of the enemy went hand in hand with them for the comfort and the preservation of his people; resources of all kinds were sought for and applied

to as the occasion required, and the consequence was that few ships ever performed so much service with so little loss from casualty and sickness as Amphion and Bacchante. As my junior officer, I found him always ready, however unexpected the service to which he was called—there was an immediate answer to every signal, and the readiest performance of every enterprise.

Lord Collingwood gave a proof of his knowledge of the officers serving under him: he said, in answer to my public letter upon the taking of Pesaro, "In Captain Hoste and Duncan you had able assistants." Whilst honoured with such a command, I had, indeed, a fair prospect of a brilliant summer.

I arrived in the Spartan at Trieste on the 19th of April, and found the Amphion and Mercury at anchor there. Captain Hoste had recently been reconnoitring the coast of Italy, and gave me much valuable and accurate information respecting the state of the enemy's force there, particularly of the squadron equipping at Ancona, the same squadron which he so gallantly defeated and destroyed two years afterwards, when the command again had devolved upon him.

From the general information of the state of the enemy on the different parts of the coast, and the position of the French and Austrian armies, it became evident that there would be numerous calls upon the British squadron for aid, nor could I expect from the nature of the correspondence with the Austrian generals, in which Captain Hoste had been engaged, that we could long have been kept together. I therefore was anxious to avail myself of the opportunity our junction afforded us of making some attack upon the enemy's ports, and we proceeded immediately on to the coast of Italy.

In passing Pesaro on the 23rd, we observed a number of vessels collected there, and my suggestion for attacking them was warmly received by my two friends, and most successfully executed without any loss on our side, by the united zeal and energy of the officers and crews of the little squadron.

On the 26th I received an application from the Austrian Government for a frigate to proceed immediately off Fiume, in order to co-operate with the Austrians in driving Marmont out of Dalmatia; and I immediately ordered Cap-

tain Hoste, as next in seniority, to proceed upon this service. We felt much regret at his departure, especially as we had several enterprises in view —particularly an attack upon Cesenatrio, which the Spartan and Mercury took possession of after a short resistance on the 2nd of May. The Mercury was soon after detached on separate service on the coast near Venice, and the squadron entirely separated.

Soon after the reduction of Lussin Picolo on the 10th of May, I was rejoined by the Amphion. The reports we had received of the relative position of the Austrian and French armies, and the near approach of a considerable body of French troops to Trieste, made it necessary for us to proceed thither without loss of time. And on our arrival, we observed many of our prizes coming out of harbour in a dismantled state, and the whole port in an evident state of confusion. The French troops were marching in from the heights of Optchina, in order to possess themselves of Trieste.

Out of the thirteen prizes taken at Pesaro, with their valuable cargoes, we saved but six, the others fell into the hands of the enemy.

We had been offered sixty thousand Tuscan crowns for these prizes when they first arrived at Trieste, but as there were no means of bringing them before an Admiralty Court, without sending them to Malta, we had refused the offer. Some of the vessels we had saved were without rudders, and others had been plundered of their sails and rigging; in short, they were utterly unfit to perform the voyage to Malta, and we availed ourselves of two Greek polacres bound thither, to ship off the cargoes of our prizes.

Whilst our people were employed in transhipping the prize goods, Hoste and I were concerting measures for an attack upon the three Russian ships of the line, lying in the port of Trieste. We were at this time joined by the Thames, the Hon. Captain Waldegrave, and expected to have had a farther reinforcement. Well knowing the active and enterprising characters of my brother officers, as well as the state of discipline of their ships, I had no hesitation in deciding upon attempting a *coup-de-main* upon the Russian squadron, depending upon the promptitude of its execution for its success.

We accordingly arranged our plans, and only waited for the arrival of another frigate to make the attempt. Whilst waiting for this ship off Cape Polo, we fell in with three sail of the line, under Captain Hargood, who had been sent with this strong squadron to take the command in the Adriatic, and co-operate with the Austrians.

On communicating to the commodore our intention of attacking the Russians in Trieste, he at once saw the feasibility of our plan, and resolved to proceed at once off the port with his whole force, to ensure the capture or destruction of these ships with as little loss as possible. The Spartan and Amphion were directed to lead and make all sail for Trieste. At daylight on the following morning, we were close in with the harbour, and observed the Russians quite unprepared and apparently unsuspecting our intention, or perhaps deeming their situation under the batteries of Trieste, with a French army on the coast, as an effectual protection against any effort of ours to annoy them.

Every preparation had been made in our squadron during the night for the attack, and

every thing was in perfect readiness by daylight. Could we have proceeded instantly to the harbour, there is little doubt but our success would have been complete. But owing to light and baffling winds, the three ships of the line found themselves set over towards the south coast, when they were involved in an extraordinary counter current, which resisted all their efforts to get the ships' heads towards Trieste; and the land wind, which at that season of the year generally subsides by eight o'clock in the morning and is followed by a fresh breeze from the sea, continued till six o'clock in the evening, at which time both the current and the wind changed, and left the ships at liberty. It was, however, too late. The Russians no sooner became aware of our design, then they took every precaution to secure themselves against it. The ships were warped close in shore, on the eastern side of the harbour, so that their broadsides might command its entrance; their inner guns were landed and formed into batteries in the intervals between the ships, and ahead and astern of them. The French troops marched into

Trieste and manned the batteries, throwing up breast-works for musketry, and preparing furnaces for heating shot.

During the tantalising period in which the ships of the line had been impeded by the current, Hoste and I had been constantly together, frequently going on board the Northumberland, and sharing in the mortification and disappointment of the commodore. Had the current given way at two, we might still have had a prospect of succeeding, although the affair must have been a warm one; but at six it was hopeless: such was the opinion I gave to the commodore, and which induced him to give up the attack.

I know not why I have been induced to give so lengthy a detail of circumstances amounting only to a preparation for an enterprise that never took place; but I have been led into it from the deep impression left upon my mind by what I observed in my gallant and lamented friend, not only in the course of this day, but during our frequent consultations upon the subject of the attack upon the Russian squadron. There was in him such animation, such decision of character, such fertility of resources, and the

whole mixed up with such cheerfulness of disposition, such alacrity of mind and body, that those with whom he was associated felt the excitement of his example, and were easily led to share in the suggestions of his enterprising mind. Perhaps no captain in the service, either in the late or former wars, was the means of promoting so many officers: three, if not four, first-lieutenants, were made commanders during the time he commanded the Amphion; and very many midshipmen obtained the rank of lieutenant; and all these steps were gained by their individual gallantry and zeal in achieving the various enterprises planned by their distinguished captain, who had the happy faculty of infusing into the minds of those who served under him a portion of his own undaunted spirit.

Having given up all thoughts of an attack upon the Russian squadron at Trieste, the commodore steered for the coast of Italy, and proceeded to cannonade the port of Pesaro, in order to obtain or destroy the vessels which had collected there since our former visit.

The Amphion was the only ship that was enabled to get a station under the walls of the

town, the other ships being kept at a distance by the light and baffling winds. Finding it impossible to get the Spartan within gunshot, I went on board the Amphion, and was particularly delighted with the manner in which her guns were fought; the cheerfulness and animation of the crew, the discipline and alacrity manifested by all classes, the order and silence maintained throughout, convinced me that the judgment I had formed of my friend's talents and prospects were by no means overrated.

The object of the attack was to obtain a temporary possession of the town, whilst the harbour should be cleared of the shipping; but a large body of troops, or armed peasants, seamen, &c. having been collected, and taken possession of the houses, from whence they were enabled to keep up a galling fire upon our people, the boats were recalled, and the attempt on Pesaro given up.

After cruising for a few days between Istria and the coast of Venice, during which time the Amphion and Spartan being generally detached together on the look-out, we had much enjoyment in frequent communication with each other,

and when this could not take place personally, our intercourse was carried on by the boat's telegraph, from the gang-way, which was constantly at work,—I was at length sent to Malta with despatches, and from thence to the coast of Naples.

Such is the slight sketch of our six weeks' cruise together in the Adriatic. I have been induced, beyond the reasons already given, to enter into a few particulars, as they mark the period of our first acquaintance,—an event which I shall cherish through life; and my only regret is, that I should have had so few opportunities since of enjoying his society. We kept up a constant intercourse by letter: and much, indeed, do I now regret that I did not preserve them: they would have been highly valuable to those now rising in our profession, from the indications they contained of that animated spirit of enterprise, and invincible zeal, which were the conspicuous features of his character.

There is no period in the whole course of my service, from which I derive so much pleasure, as the retrospect of this cruise. It was a series of constant professional engagement and excite-

ment; a field of enterprise, such as does not often present itself, and which, but for the necessity of separating our little squadron, might have proved a fertile one.

We separated with much regret; and, as a proof of my dear friend's esteem, he placed under my care his younger brother, now Captain E. D. Hoste, who soon gained my warmest regard and entire confidence.

In concluding these remarks, I can say, that amongst all the friends I have met with, either in or out of the service, I knew not of any one, with whose character I have been more deeply impressed, than by that of Sir William Hoste. The cheerful animation of his disposition, under all circumstances, however trying, was most remarkable—was never interrupted. He was as consistently energetic, zealous, and decided: his heart was in the service. Brought up by Nelson, he kept his example in all that was good and great steadily in view—the nature of his exploits corresponded with the extension of his command, and the action off Lissa, and the complete victory which he gained over the enemy's squadron, was an earnest of what he would

have done had he been spared to command a fleet. His career would have been a glorious one — glorious, I mean, upon a grand scale, for all the distinction which could be gained by a captain of a frigate he had already made his own. In short, were I now called upon to name any character on whose example the youth now rising in the Navy should take for their model, I should unhesitatingly say — SIR WILLIAM HOSTE.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX I.

EXTRACT FROM THE GAZETTE OF MAY 18, 1811.

Copy of a letter from Admiral Sir Charles Cotton, Baronet, Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's ships and vessels in the Mediterranean, to John Wilson Croker, Esq. dated on board the San Josef, at sea, April 17th, 1811.

ALTHOUGH the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty will be earlier acquainted, through the medium of Rear Admiral Boyes, with the gallant action fought on the 13th ult. by his Majesty's ships named in the margin, (Amphion, Cerberus, Active, Volage,) against a squadron of the enemy, consisting of five in number, one corvette, a brig, two schooners, and a xebec, and one gun-boat, which terminated in the capture

of two of the enemy's frigates, and the destruction of another, I nevertheless think it right to transmit the account of the brilliant affair to their Lordships. The event speaking for itself, I shall briefly remark that the success of his Majesty's squadron has been no other than could be expected from ships in the high order and state of discipline of those in question, and led on by an officer of the reputation of Captain Hoste. I have sent orders to Captain Hoste, with the Amphion and Volage, which appear to have suffered a great deal, and to have been in this country the longest, to take the prizes to Spithead.

(Signed) C. COTTON.

Magnificent off Lissa, March 24th, 1811.

SIR,

It is with the greatest satisfaction I herewith transmit a letter I have received from Captain Hoste, giving an account of a most gallant action, which has been fought in the Adriatic between a detachment of frigates, named in the margin, under his command, and the enemy's squadron from Ancona; the result of which is,

that two of the enemy's frigates have been captured, and one destroyed: the remainder owing their escape to the crippled state of the masts and rigging of his Majesty's ships.

When the great disparity of force in this action is considered, the smoothness of the water, which enabled the enemy's small craft to take a part, and from his being to windward, enabled to choose his own plan of attack, I think, Sir, the bravery, discipline, and professional knowledge of British seamen, never was more conspicuous.

I received by a neutral vessel, when off Corfu, a few lines from Captain Hoste, written immediately after the action, which mentioned that the ships which had escaped had taken refuge in the island of Lessina in a very disabled state, and where he thought they might be destroyed: I therefore immediately proceeded thither in the Magnificent, but found on my arrival that they had sailed, and gone to Ragusa.

(Signed) GEORGE EYRE.

H. M. ship Amphion, off the island of Lissa,
March 14th, 1811.

SIR,

It is with much pleasure I have to acquaint you, that after an action of six hours, we have completely defeated the combined French and Italian squadrons, consisting of five frigates, one corvette, one brig, two schooners, one gunboat, and one xebec; the force opposed to them was his Majesty's ships Amphion, Cerberus, Active, and Volage. On the morning of the 13th the Active made the signal for a strange fleet to windward; and daylight discovered to us the enemy's squadron lying-to off the north point of the island of Lissa; the wind at that time was from the north-west, a fine breeze. The enemy having formed in two divisions, instantly bore down to attack us under all possible sail. The British line, led by the Amphion, was formed by signal in the closest order on the starboard tack to receive them.

At nine A. M. the action commenced by our firing on the headmost ships as they came within range: the intention of the enemy appeared to

be to break our line in two places; the starboard division, led by the French commodore, bearing upon the Amphion and Active, and the larboard division on the Cerberus and Volage. In this attempt he failed (though almost aboard of us), by the well-directed fire and compact order of our line. He then endeavoured to round the van ship to engage to leeward, and thereby place us between two fires, but was so warmly received in the attempt, and rendered so totally unmanageable, that in the act of wearing he went on shore on the rocks of Lissa in the greatest possible confusion.

The line was then wore to renew the action, the Amphion not half a cable-length from the shore, the remainder of the enemy's starboard division passing under our stern and engaging us to leeward, whilst the larboard division tacked and remained to windward, engaging the Cerberus, Volage, and Active. In this situation the action commenced with great fury, his Majesty's ships frequently in positions which unavoidably exposed them to a raking fire of the enemy, who with his superiority of numbers had ability to take advantage of it: but nothing, Sir, could withstand

the brave squadron I had the honour to command. At 20 minutes past 11 A. M. the Flora struck her colours, and at 12 the Bellona followed her example. The enemy to windward now endeavoured to make off, but were followed up as close as the disabled state of his Majesty's ships would admit of, and the Active and Cerberus were enabled at 3 P. M. to compel the sternmost of them to surrender, when the action ceased, leaving us in possession of the Corona, 44 guns; and the Bellona 32 guns (the French commodore); the Favourite, of 44 guns, on shore, who shortly after blew up with a dreadful explosion; the corvette of the enemy making all possible sail to the north-west, and two frigates crowding sail for the post of Lessina; the brig making off to the south-east, and the small craft flying in every direction: nor was it in my power to prevent them, having no ship to follow them.

I must now account for the Flora's getting away, after having struck her colours. At the time I was engaged with that ship, the Bellona was raking us, and when she struck I had no boat that could possibly take possession of her. I therefore preferred closing with the Bellona,

and taking her, to losing time alongside the Flora, which I already considered belonging to us. I call on the officers of my own squadron, as well as those of the enemy, to witness my assertion. The correspondence* I have had on this subject with the French captain of the Danae (now their commodore), and which I enclose herewith, is convincing, and even their own officers (prisoners here) acknowledge the fact. Indeed I might have sunk her, and so might the Active; but as the colours were down, and all firing from her had long ceased, both Captain Gordon and myself considered her as our own; the delay of getting a boat on board the Bellona, and the anxious pursuit of Captain Gordon after the enemy, enabled him to steal off till too late for our scattered ships to come up with him, his rigging and sails apparently much injured: but by the laws of war I shall ever maintain he belongs to us.

The enemy's squadron (as per inclosed return) was commanded by Monsieur Dubourdier, a captain de vaisseau, and a member of the legion of

* This correspondence will be found in the text.

honour, who is killed. In justice to a brave man, I must say he set a noble example of intrepidity to those under him. They sailed from Ancona the 11th instant, with five hundred troops on board, and everything necessary for fortifying and garrisoning the island of Lissa. Thanks to Providence, we have this day prevented them.

I have to lament the loss of many valuable officers and men; but in a contest of this kind it was to be expected. It is now my duty to do justice to the brave officers and men I had the honour to command. From your own knowledge of Captains Gordon, Whitby, and Hornby, and the discipline of their ships, everything, you know, Sir, might be expected; and if an officer so near in the same rank as themselves may be permitted to give an opinion, I should say they exceeded my most sanguine expectation. And it is a duty I owe to all to express in the most public manner my grateful sense of the brave and gallant conduct of every captain, officer, seaman, and royal marine employed on this occasion. From my first lieutenant, Sir David Dann, I received every assistance that might be expected from a zealous, brave, and intelligent officer, and his

exertions (though wounded) in repairing our damage, are as praiseworthy as his conduct in the action, particularly as I have been unable to assist him, from a wound in my right arm, and several severe contusions. Captain Moore, of the royal marines of this ship, received a wound, but returned to his quarters immediately it was dressed. The captains of the squadron speak in the warmest terms of their officers and men, particularly their first lieutenants, Dickenson, Henderson, and Wolridge. And the behaviour of my own officers and ship's company, who have been with me so long, was everything I expected from their tried worth: but I must not particularize where all were equally meritorious.

I am now on my way to Lissa, with the squadron and prizes. The damage the ships have sustained is very considerable, and I fear will render us totally incapable of keeping the sea. I enclose a statement of the enemy's force, together with a return of killed and wounded in the squadron, and deeply lament they are so great.

I have the honour, &c.

(Signed) W. Hoste.

(*Here follows the Return.*)

APPENDIX II.

Admiralty Office, April 2, 1814.

Copy of a letter from Vice Admiral Sir Edward Pellew, Bart., to John Wilson Croker, Esq. dated on board his Majesty's Ship Caledonia, off Minorca, Feb. 24th, 1814.

SIR,

I presume Rear Admiral Freemantle has already conveyed to their Lordships the statements herewith transmitted, regarding the surrender of Cattaro and Zara.

I have only to express my great satisfaction at the manner in which these services have been performed. The merits of those employed will not fail to receive their Lordships' approbation.

I have, &c.

EDWARD PELLEW.

J. W. Croker, Esq.

Milford, Trieste, Jan. 7, 1814.

SIR,

Herewith I have the honour to transmit a letter from Captain Hoste, of his Majesty's ship Bacchante, with the terms of capitulation for the surrender of the fort of Cattaro.

The exertions of Captains Hoste and Harper, and the officers and men employed under them, need no comment on my part, and I am aware will be duly appreciated by you.

I have, &c.

THOS. F. FREEMANTLE.

Sir E. Pellew, Bart.

H. M. Ship Bacchante, before Cattaro, Jan. 5th, 1814.

SIR,

I have much satisfaction in acquainting you, after ten days' cannonade, the fortress of Cattaro surrendered by capitulation this morning, to his Majesty's ships named in the margin (viz. Bacchante and Saracen). The terms I granted to the garrison are, to lay down their arms on the Marine; to be transported to some

port in Italy; to be considered prisoners of war; and not to serve against England and her allies until regularly exchanged.

It is unnecessary I should enter further into detail than to say, that by the exertions of the officers and crews of both ships, our batteries were enabled to open from four different points on the castle and works at daylight on Christmas morning; that on the 1st of January two additional batteries of eighteen and thirty-two pounders were opened, and played against the castle; and that on the 3rd I had arranged everything with the chief of the Montenegrins for a general assault, when the commandant-general, Gauthier, sent out, expressing his wish to capitulate. This morning the capitulation was signed, a copy of which I inclose, with the state of the garrison.

Our loss, I am happy to say, has been trifling; one seaman killed, and Lieutenant Hay, of the royal marines, slightly wounded.

The mouths of the Cattaro are now freed of the enemy, Sir; and in bringing this business to a successful issue, the officers and men have exerted themselves to the utmost.

We have received no assistance but from a few Montenegrins: we have had to trust to our own resources alone, and we have found them in the zeal and perseverance which has actuated all parties. From the exertions of Captain Harper of the Saracen, and Lieutenant Milbourne of the Bacchante, two eighteen-pounders and two mortars were got up the range of mountains before Cattaro, to the astonishment of friends and foes; and what was deemed impracticable by the French general was completed in ten days. The zeal and activity of Captain Harper are well known to you, Sir, and I assure you, in no instance have they been more conspicuous than on the present occasion. He is a most invaluable officer. It is my duty to mention the meritorious conduct of Lieutenants Milbourne and Rees (acting) of the Bacchante; Lieutenant Hancock of the Saracen; Mr. Vale, master of ditto; Lieutenant Haig, royal marines, of the Bacchante; Mr. Charles Bruce, midshipman of the Bacchante; and the whole of the officers and men of both ships have tried to excel each other on this occasion.

The torrents of rain, and the fatigues and privations attending an attack on a fortress like Cattaro at this season of the year, have been borne with a cheerfulness that entitled them to every praise.

I cannot conclude this without acknowledging in the warmest terms the active assistance I have received from Captain Angelo, of Lieutenant-General Campbell's staff, who was waiting in the Bacchante for a passage to join the Lieutenant-General at Zante. His zeal and ability have supplied many deficiencies on my part, and have considerably tended to the speedy reduction of the place.

I have, &c.

W. Hoste; Captain.

Rear-Admiral Freemantle, &c.

APPENDIX III.

Admiralty Office, April 23rd 1814.

Copy of a letter from Vice Admiral Sir Edward Pellew, Bart. to John Wilson Croker, Esq. dated on board his Majesty's ship Caledonia, off Minorca, March 28th, 1814.

EXTRACT.

H. M. Ship Caledonia, March 28th 1814.

SIR,

I enclose, for the information of their Lordships, copies of letters just put into my hands by Rear-Admiral Freemantle, on his way to England.

Captain Hoste's letter, respecting the taking of Ragusa, will show their Lordships the success of that distinguished officer's constant zeal and activity.

I have, &c.

EDWARD PELLEW.

H. M. Ship Bacchante, before Ragusa,
Jan. 29th, 1814.

SIR,

My letter of the 6th instant will have acquainted you of the capture of Cattaro, and of my intention to attack this place, as soon as the artillery and stores necessary for the siege have embarked from that fortress.

On my arrival here on the 19th, I found the place invested by the Austrian General Mitutenovitch, with two Croat battalions, but not a single piece of artillery had arrived. Four mortars and two guns were immediately landed from the Bacchante, and opened on the works of the town and Fort Lorenzo the morning of the 22nd; the enemy returned a heavy fire from all his batteries. The approach to Ragusa is extremely difficult, by the commanding situation of Fort Imperial, and the island of Croma; and it became an object of importance to secure this latter post, before we could advance our batteries: two eighteen-pounders were therefore landed, and by the great exertions of the officers and seamen under Lieutenant Milbourne, third of this ship, one gun was brought round the moun-

tain at the back of Ragusa, a distance full six miles, and placed immediately opposite the island, which it completely commanded.

The French general, however, on the morning of the 27th, sent out a truce to request our batteries would cease, and a capitulation was commenced and signed on the 28th, for the surrender of the town and its dependencies. The British and Austrian troops took possession the same day; one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon were mounted on the works of the town and Fort Lorenzo, twenty-one in Fort Imperial, and eleven in the island of Croma, with a garrison of five hundred men, and nearly six weeks provisions. The garrison are prisoners of war, not to serve against England or her allies until regularly exchanged.

His Majesty's ship Elizabeth arrived here on the 29th, but Captain Gower very handsomely declined interfering in the negotiation. I am happy to say the best understanding has prevailed between the allied troops, and General Mitutenovitch has expressed himself in the handsomest terms for the assistance he has received.

The object for which you sent me here, Sir,

is now, I believe, obtained, by the expulsion of the French troops from the provinces of Cattaro and Ragusa, and it only remains for me to mention the meritorious conduct of all the officers and men who have shared the fatigues and privations attending it.

I beg leave also to mention the great assistance I have received from Captain Angelo, of Lieutenant-General Campbell's staff, who accompanied me from Cattaro, both there and at this place. His ready and active services have considerably diminished the difficulties we have met with. The limits of a despatch will not allow me to enter further into detail, but I can assure you, Sir, that every officer and man under my command has strictly performed his duty. The loss of the British during the siege, has been one killed and ten severely wounded.

I have the honour, &c.

W. HOSTE, Captain.

Rear-Admiral Freemantle.

THE END.

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